HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXV.—No. 1284.
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FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 30, 1881.

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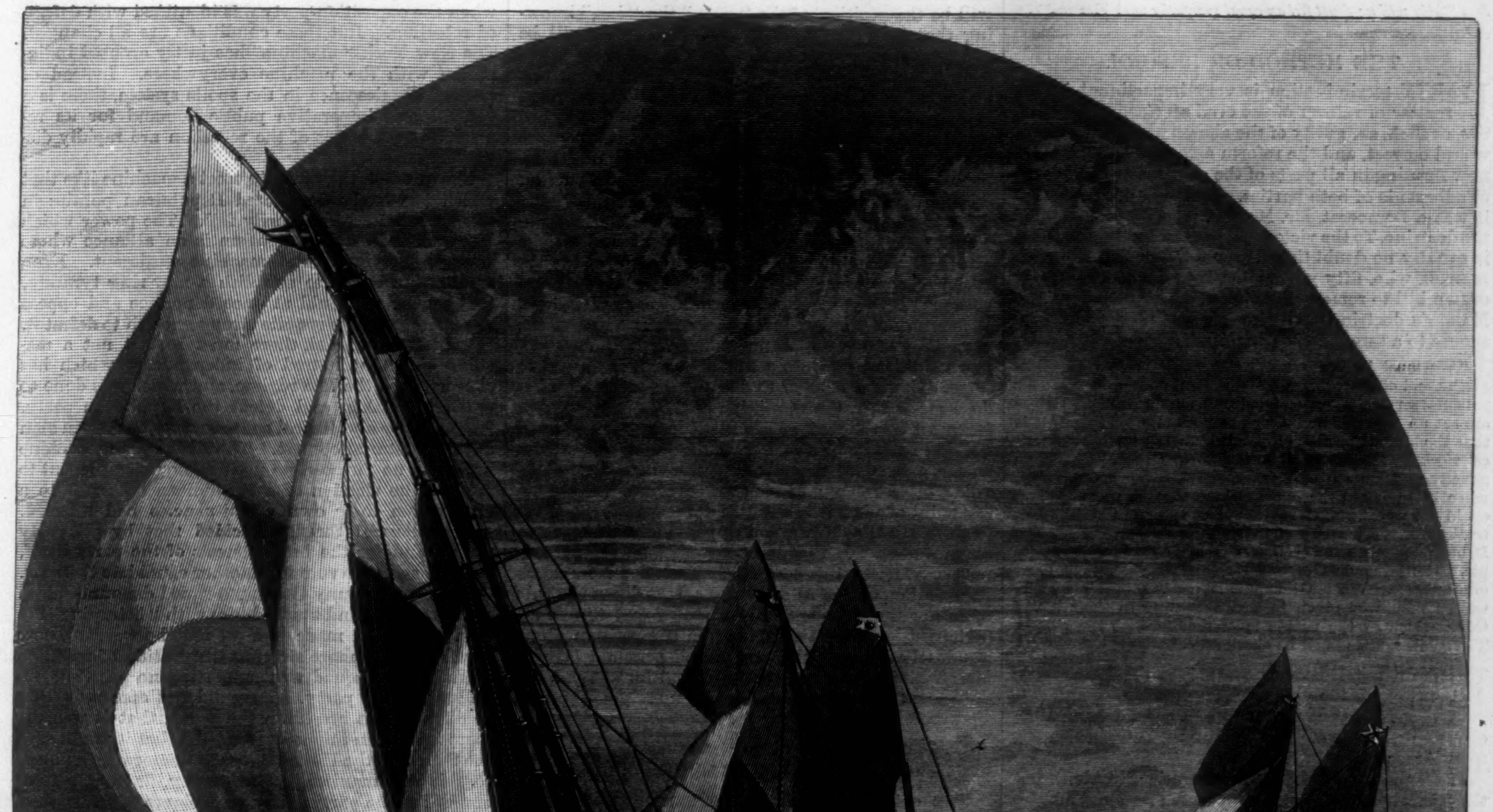


A REGATTA—ROUNDING THE LIGHT-SHIP.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

NEW SERIAL BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER."

No. 92 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued August 2, will contain the opening chapter of a new serial story by the author of "Toby Tyler," entitled*

TIM AND TIP;
OR,
THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AND A DOG.

The story, which will be illustrated from drawings by ROGERS, *is full of incident on land and water; and those readers who followed with such kindly interest the adventures of Toby Tyler and Mr. Stubbs will no doubt feel an equal sympathy with Tim and Tip.*

THE METHOD OF REFORM.

PARTY recrimination is very impertinent in the matter of reform of the civil service. Both parties, as such, are guilty of the abuses which the reform would correct, and the reform associations which are now forming in all parts of the country are composed of adherents of both parties. There is no doubt that it was a Democrat, Mr. MARCY, who first formulated the doctrine, To the victors belong the spoils, and there is equally no doubt that it was a Democrat, Mr. PENDLETON, who, fifty years later, introduced a carefully drawn bill to remedy the direful consequences of Mr. MARCY'S doctrine, and who has just now said, in response to a serenade in Cincinnati:

> "We must by law abolish the whole system of office-giving and office-seeking. The reward of men by office for personal service is corruption, fraud, and brutality. Offices are set up as emoluments for party service. The result is that the highest prizes are given to those who do the dirtiest work. It makes Presidents office-peddlers. GARFIELD gave the system a stinging reproach since he was wounded, when he informed the office-seekers that he was sick, and could not see them. Many Senators support the Administration for the purpose of getting offices for their friends. It has debauched the civil service of fifty millions of people. It has made GUITEAU'S crime possible. We must eradicate it. We must supplant it by a better system. Offices should be given to men according to their merit. Offices filled by the people must remain with the people. The spoils system must be eliminated."

This is an apt Democratic reply to the Democratic declaration, To the victors belong the spoils, and it is very proper that Mr. PENDLETON should have been elected president of the Cincinnati Civil Service Reform Association.

If General JACKSON, a Democratic President, put the spoils system in operation in the national administration, every Whig and Republican President has followed his example, without any effective dissent except that of President HAYES, who, if he conformed in many ways, yet also demonstrated within certain limits, in the New York Custom-house, the entire practicability of reform. The dishonors are easy between the parties, and no time is more ludicrously lost than that which is devoted to appropriating to either the credit of the reform movement. The promising fact is that in obedience to an evident public sentiment both parties in their platforms pay their respects to reform, and as it is hardly to be doubted that some efforts at legislation by Congress will be made at the next session, it is well to consider what the principle of such legislation should be. The general view both of the evil and of the remedy which is held by those who have been interested in forming the various associations in the country can best be inferred from the constitutions which have been adopted. These have been based in almost every instance upon the constitution of the parent association in New York. By that association the radical evil is believed to be patronage, or appointment by personal favoritism, and as a reward for what is called party work. From this in great part come the assessments, the machine, the loss of self-respect, the inefficiency, the extravagance, and the demoralization of public life and of politics which are everywhere observable. The objective point of reform, therefore, is the destruction of patronage, or personal favoritism, in appointment. As long as this remains, the chief evils can not be removed. If bosses and committees and politicians are to put men in and out of the public service for their own purposes, there will be no reform.

A fixed term is sometimes proposed as a remedy, but this would not secure the result. The law of 1820 provides a term of four years for a great number of offices, but patronage totally disregards it. It is since the passage of that law, which was passed for the very purpose of turning the offices into spoils, that the abuses of patronage have developed into the present danger and disgrace. The First Congress decided that the President might remove at pleasure. The law of 1820 vacated the offices every four years, enabled the Executive to fill them with its henchmen, accustomed the country to wanton changes, and made the public service party plunder. The Constitution fixed no term to the inferior offices; and although the First Congress, at the instance of MADISON, recognized the President's power of removal, MADISON declared that if he should exercise the power for unworthy reasons, he would be impeached. The constitutional intention is clear. No term was fixed, and removal was to be made for legitimate cause only, such as dishonesty, negligence, or inefficiency. This is the true principle. It is that of the New York Association; and the chief practical aim, therefore, must be to destroy the pressure of influence for illegitimate removal.

It is urged, however, that if to a fixed term of four or five years we add removal only for cause, the evil will be corrected. But if appointment is still to be made by influence or favoritism, as the terms of offices will be perpetually expiring, there will be always the pressure of influence both to fill places when they are vacant and to make them vacant for "cause," so that there may be rewards for favorites. While this will be the position of the "outs," the "ins," knowing that their terms will presently expire, will be constantly busy with intrigues and endeavors to obtain influence to keep their places. But how is this different from the present situation? Again, what is meant by removal for cause? According to recent proceedings and legal decisions in New York, "cause for removal" seems to mean some kind of felony provable in a court of law. If the head of a bureau, having the right of removal for cause, should dismiss a clerk for negligence and laziness, the clerk would resort to mandamuses and injunctions and all the obstructive machinery of the law to compel his superior officer to establish "cause." The absolute and ruinous insubordination that would ensue is evident. Removal for cause naturally implies removal at the discretion of the appointing officer. If it does not mean this, but signifies a suit at law, it is absurd to suggest it as a benefit to the public service. If it does mean this, the discretion of the appointing officer must be relieved of all illicit influence. It will not do to expose him to the solicitation of a boss who wishes a removal made for "cause" in order to provide a berth for one of his own parasites. From every point of view it is clear that the substance of reform lies in the destruction of personal favoritism in appointment. If that is not prevented, the evil remains. Hence the constitution of the New York Association, and of all the others, lays down the rule of minor appointment only upon proved fitness ascertained by competition, because competition alone absolutely destroys the pressure of personal favoritism; while a fixed term and removal for cause, if appointment be made at pleasure, merely exasperate that pressure to greater fury.

A DELIVERANCE.

THE catastrophe of the CONKLING autocracy in New York is the most striking event of the kind since the downfall of the old Democratic Albany Regency. The difference between the two, however, is signal. The Regency was a council of the ablest men of the Democratic party, such as VAN BUREN, MARCY, FLAGG, DIX, BEARDSLEY, and COSWELL, while the CONKLING ring has been singularly destitute of intellectual ability, and has maintained its ascendency by the unscrupulous use of the patronage of office, and the despotism which patronage makes possible. The names of the leaders of this ring, many of whom have been conspicuous and active at Albany in the recent endeavor to save Mr. CONKLING from the defeat and disgrace which he had invited, would be an amazing and incredible list of the chiefs of a great party in a great State. The ring was adequately characterized by the fact that when its power was absolute it selected for the highest political honor of the State Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT, whom Mr. CONKLING tried to thrust into the cabinet of President HAYES, and failing in the effort, set up at a Republican Convention in New York to insult a Republican administration. The CONKLING ring feared ability, and sneered at honorable politics. To ambitious young men it offered the alternative of abject servility or defeat. Its sole appeal was mercenary. Its instrument was the wages of the public service, which it gave or took away with exclusive reference to its own schemes and benefit. Its characteristic jubilee was the DORSEY dinner, at which it virtually exulted in buying the vote of Indiana. It has degraded the Republican name, and humiliated Republicans; and if it be asked why the Republican protest against it has not broken up the party in New York, the reply is that the great body of Republicans endured it as a smaller evil than the inevitable alternative, the rule of a Democratic ring. Nor was this surprising. For, with every exception made of the honorable men who adhere to the Democratic party in New York, its history and traditions, and the character of the population of the great cities which constitute its strength, justly create an insuperable apprehension of its ascendency.

On the other hand, while the late Republican ring has been confessedly a debasing and degrading power in the politics of the State, we have known some hesitation in joining the effort to overthrow it, because of the fear that a new ring would arise upon its ruins, and no real gain be secured. But the overthrow of an existing abuse is always a gain, because the ruin is accomplished, and there is the opportunity of preventing a restoration. It is no reason for sparing one tyrant that there may be another. The courage that overthrows him is at least partly due to hatred of tyranny. TWEED was brought down by an alliance which was not spotless, and he was succeeded by Mr. JOHN KELLY. But no sensible man would deny that it was a great gain, not for the city of New York alone, but for popular government itself, that TWEED was destroyed. Those who suppose that the CONKLING ring must be succeeded by one equally demoralizing and odious must remember the difference of circumstances. That ring was formed when the war had enormously increased the patronage, when there was practically no question that the leaders of the dominant party might use the public money to pay their henchmen as they chose, and when the opposition party was identified with defeated rebellion. But these conditions are all changed. The New York "machine" has justly aroused indignation with the machine everywhere. Instead of general acquiescence in the spoils system, there is a general and imperative public demand for its reform, and the issues of the rebellion are rapidly disappearing.

The attempt, therefore, to erect a machine like that which has lately dominated Republican politics in this State would necessarily fail. The power which has overthrown the despotism is an alliance whose strength lies in the anti-machine sentiment. Even assuming a desire to establish a new ring tyranny, that sentiment would at once denounce and oppose the attempt, and it is quite strong enough to defeat it. Organization, indeed, there must be, but not a machine—not that hatred of independence which has characterized the late régime, and which has done so much to weaken and defeat the Republican party. Its character and logical consequences have been seen in the Senatorial contest. The slaves of the machine have had no purpose, no politics, no principle, but to prevent the election of a Republican successor to a man whom their own constituencies had rejected. When General SHARPE decided that by all party usages, and for the best interests of the party itself, it was his duty to vote for another candidate than Mr. CONKLING, the puny CONKLING squad denounced him as a "traitor," and taunted him with "betraying" the man "who had made him all that he was." There could not be a more striking illustration of machine morals. The squad was supporting no principle, no policy, and no party. They did not care that their conduct might break up the party, that it was the mere spite of an impotent minority, that it might give the Senate of the United States to Democratic control, that it was manifestly, confessedly, flagrantly treacherous to the party; they were slaves of a machine, like the slaves of the lamp in the old story, and they had no reason or will of their own. The destruction of this tyranny and the release from this slavery are a great deliverance. It will not, indeed, bring the millennium, but we ask again whether the defeat of TWEED was not worth while. All evils were not remedied in England by the expulsion of JAMES II., but what reasonable Englishman regrets the "glorious Revolution"? It did not right every wrong, but it made a JAMES II. forever impossible in England. There may be another Republican machine attempted in New York, but the public mind is aroused to a purpose which will make such machines as that which now lies in ruins impossible.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SOUTH.

THE attack upon the President has had two great and important results. The shock has shown to every sensible man the imperative necessity of eradicating the spoils system, and it has revealed a strong and kindly national feeling in the Southern States. If every blow has its blessing as well as its bane, it is evident what the blessing of this crime is to be. The Charleston *News and Courier*, one of the chief Southern Democratic journals, said, recently: "Should the President die, his blood will be the seed of mutual confidence and national concord. And if he live, it will be as President of a republic builded on the broadest of foundations." General GARFIELD is especially a man to justify this last remark. Both as a man and a statesman he has shown thorough comprehension of the actual political situation. Without the least evasion or surrender of the great principles which are the foundation of the renewed Union, his spirit is most generous and wise. His reply to Mr. LAMAR'S speech in the House, five or six years ago, showed General GARFIELD'S great readiness, great ability, and great generosity. He encountered Mr. LAMAR directly and decisively, but in a way which would not have prevented him from taking his opponent's hand with manly sympathy. His tone in every sectional and partisan discussion—and he has been a leader in them all—has been firm and, as we think, perfectly just, but calm and wholly without bitterness. He has never boasted that he was more "stalwart" than other Republicans, and the hearty words of regard and confidence from leading Democrats when he was nominated showed that his singularly manly nature had made even his political opponents his friends.

There is no doubt that the attempted assassination will deepen this mutual regard. A man of Garfield's temperament and intelligence must be profoundly impressed with the peculiar warmth of the feeling expressed for him by his political opponents in every part of the country, and it will necessarily affect his conduct. The *News and Courier* may be very sure that he will not be the President of a party or of a section merely, and that his disposition toward "the South" will be in every way friendly and unsuspicious. He will, we are sure, neither distrust the words that have been spoken, nor countenance "the gospel of hate." We hope that the *News and Courier*, and those for whom it speaks, will see that they have duties also, and will take care that the feeling which the President is very sure to entertain may be mutual. There is but one serious ground of distrust in the Southern situation, but that is very serious. Until it is removed—and it is removable only by those for whom the *News and Courier* speaks—politics, despite all deprecation, will be largely sectional. This is because the wrong is identified with a section, and the triumph of the party which controls the section would be the triumph of the wrong. We mean, of course, the dishonest vote—the vote which does not represent the true sentiment of many districts, because of the intimidation of voters or the fraudulent treatment of the ballots. This is not denied. Even the *News and Courier* has admitted it, and defended it as a former necessity, but as no longer indispensable.

When it is plainly evident that there is an effective Democratic opinion against this crime which imperils the government, politics will become more hopeful. But until then party traditions will be conclusive. It is this abuse of the suffrage in many Southern districts which holds together elements so discordant in the Republican ranks. When that abuse disappears, the bond that holds those elements fast will snap. How strongly the President feels upon the subject he showed in his inaugural address. Let the *News and Courier* insist that the only reasonable and American position upon this subject shall be taken by its Democratic friends, and they may count securely not only upon a friendly President, but upon a conquering principle.

A MODEL PLATFORM.

The Ohio Democratic platform is absolutely meaningless, and therefore as a platform it is perfect. It declares in the first place generally for justice, equality, honesty, purity, economy, and the advancement of the common-school system. Lovers of justice and purity and the common schools will at once, therefore, rally to the Democratic banner. It then proceeds to details. First it safely declares that "the abuses" of the State-prison contract system "is vicious and unwise, and should be corrected." Now, whatever a citizen of Ohio of any party may think of the contract system, he will not deny that its abuses should be corrected. The Democratic platform then denounces Republican legislation as incompetent, hypocritical, unnecessary, and burdensome. It further alleges that "the humanities are non-partisan," and that the management of criminal and charitable institutions should be non-partisan also. It also declares public offices to be public trusts to be administered for the public good. Both propositions are undeniable. Further, it advocates the largest individual liberty which is compatible with public order, and opposes mere sumptuary legislation. Every sensible man must agree. It then asserts that the Star Route frauds prove the Republican party to be unworthy of confidence. But this is a palpable *non sequitur*. It is the Republican party which is exposing the frauds, and which is preparing to punish them. Finally, this excellent document favors a revenue tariff, or free trade, to encourage protection.

Viewed as a platform, we repeat, this is incomparable. It is a solemn blending of truisms with nonsense. Viewed as a manifesto of principles and proposed policies by a great party, it is exceedingly instructive, because it shows that the party has none. It does not even say whether it approves the State-prison contract system. Upon another State issue, that of temperance, it is silent. Indeed, the whole document recalls those sermons of his beloved pastor which Rufus Choate used to like, as he said, because they did not offensively bring the week-day into the holy calm of the Sabbath. The Ohio Democratic platform disturbs no peaceful citizen with the expression of political opinion. It serenely commends to his admiration and support the cardinal virtues and the rule of three. But there is one omission. This indisputable document does not point out the actual or historical relation between its declarations and the party in whose name they are uttered.

Why should that party, for instance, whose historic distinction is that of the party of slavery, and which has survived by means of fraud and violence at Southern polls, especially call public attention to equality and justice, and "a free and pure ballot as the corner-stone of free institutions"? Nothing can be truer. But why should the Democratic party in Ohio remind the Democratic party in South Carolina and in Mississippi of the righteousness of equality and justice, and of a free and pure ballot? The remark has an air of unkindness. For who have established equality, and maintained justice, and defended the free ballot, but those very Republicans whose legislation is roundly scored as incompetent, hypocritical, unnecessary, and burdensome? But a platform, although never more platitudinous than this, was never more agreeably instructive. It shows plainly that parties now cohere merely by tradition. Upon the great fundamental questions of honest suffrage and equal rights, their declarations are the same. Upon the subject of tariffs, they are both careful not to offend anybody. Upon the issue of reform, they both assert sound principles. The voter will judge them both by their general character and the probabilities, and he will be obliged to say, in this particular Ohio case, that for a Convention which babbled so sweetly of purity and a free and honest ballot, there was a remarkable conviction among all beholders that there was never such unblushing traffic in votes, and such an open buying of a nomination.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE IN COLLEGES.

In his annual report, President Barnard, of Columbia College, shows that, so far as he is concerned, the college is full of the most inquiring and progressive spirit, and that the tendency to an extreme conservatism, which has been sometimes deprecated in the management of the institution, will be probably less observable.

The president forcibly advocates, with the authorities of other universities of the highest character, self-government by the students. He advises the revival of the old grammar or preparatory school; or, as an alternative, a system of school visitation, with general direction of studies by the faculty. He points out at length the desirability of a school of pedagogics, or the teaching of the science of education. The higher education of women he treats—as he has before treated it—with great good sense and knowledge, and he recommends the admission of women to Columbia College, saying that it is unanimously favored by the faculty, who are ready to teach them either separately or jointly with the young men. The argument has never been more temperately or cogently stated than by President Barnard.

The school of political science, which has been open for a year only, has been so successful that Harvard and the Michigan University have instituted similar schools. The results of such schools must be excellent, for the diffusion of knowledge of the laws that regulate politics and trade can not be less useful to the whole community than the diffusion of all other sound knowledge. The effect will be secured whether or not the student enters public life or journalism. Directly or indirectly, the public will be the gainer. Such schools, with schools of mines and of agriculture and of every science, show that the college is rapidly accommodating itself to the conditions of modern life.

ABOUT NEWSPAPERS.

Mr. Richard Smith, of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, recently delivered an interesting address upon the press before the Northern Indiana Editorial Association, in which he says:

> "In every State there is a vast unoccupied newspaper field. Have you ever undertaken a census of population with a view to ascertaining who reads and who does not read a newspaper? The result of such an effort would probably astonish you. A political party in Indiana reported, as a result of a canvass, that forty per cent. of the voters read no newspaper. In one of the richest and most populous counties of Ohio, where there is an average Republican majority of eighteen hundred, thirty-five per cent. of the voters get along without the aid of a newspaper in their houses. The talent spent by editors in throat-cutting could be spent to far better advantage in mutual efforts to cultivate the unoccupied field."

With great sagacity Mr. Smith also says:

> "The best way to occupy a field and hold it is to make the paper so good as to be expensive, in order that people may not be easily tempted to start new ones. There are not half as many daily papers in Cincinnati now, within a carrier delivery of 400,000, as there were thirty years ago, in the same territory, with a population not one-fourth as large."

No fact is more illustrative of the history of the press in this country than one mentioned by Mr. Smith:

> "Thirty years ago, five thousand dollars cash and a little credit were deemed sufficient to start a daily paper in Cincinnati. Now, to start a daily paper, with the expectation of establishing it, would require a cash capital of half a million, and that would in all probability be lost in the venture."

A JINGO GENTLEMAN.

It is not creditable to any English club that it should have admitted Colonel Valentine Baker to membership. He was the actor in a most disgraceful assault upon a lady in a railroad carriage, and at the trial he was convicted and cashiered. He went to Turkey—land beloved of British Toryism—and became a pasha. He now returns to England apparently a Jingo hero. For some inexplicable reason, Baker is said to have always had court favor—a fact which is curious in a court which frowned upon Lady Flora Hastings. There would be nothing remarkable in the action of the club had there been reason to suppose that Colonel Baker had been unjustly dealt with. But there has never been any pretense, we believe, that he was innocent, and the only conclusion is that English gentlemen are content with very queer company.

PERSONAL.

Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, who is now on his wedding tour in Europe, preached on Sunday last a funeral sermon on Dean Stanley in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. St. Margaret's stands within fifty feet of Westminster Abbey, and is the parish church of the House of Commons. The rector is Canon Farrar, and the living is worth about $5000 a year. Dr. Farrar's canonry of the Abbey is worth $5000, besides a fine residence.

—There appears to be a "boom" in generosity. A Pennsylvania millionaire has written to President Garfield's friend Governor Foster, of Ohio, saying he would like to give Mrs. Garfield $100,000 for her support in case the President dies. He does not know exactly how to go about it, and so asks the Governor's advice.

—The present Duke of Wellington has drawn a pension of $20,000 a year since the death of his father in 1852. He has also $160,000 a year from estates given to his father by the government, and the interest on $3,500,000 voted to the great Duke by the British Parliament after the battle of Waterloo. The present Duke is seventy-four years old.

—Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, who recently gave some large sums to the Vanderbilt University at Nashville, has now offered to contribute two-thirds of the amount necessary to build and equip a female college at Nashville, provided Nashville folk will subscribe the balance. Nashville is exercising itself in that regard.

—Mr. Joseph Hatton's *To-day in America*, just published by Harper & Brothers, in the "Franklin Square Library," is a bright, chatty book, in which his experiences in this country are given at considerable length, interspersed and lightened up with anecdotes racy of the soil. It contains also a fund of information as to the unprecedented growth of the great West, its products, its social peculiarities, its preachers, its trotters, amusements, etc., etc., told in a style so entertaining as to make it very pleasant reading.

—Colonel Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, of Baltimore, is building in Washington a spacious brick residence, forty-six by fifty-five feet, in the Louis XIV. style of architecture—a combination of Roman, Gothic, and Composite, both elegant and convenient. The cost will be $30,000.

—A wealthy gentleman of Yonkers, who has for fifteen years past made it a rule to accommodate his neighbors, without expense to them, with all the petty loans which they desired, on real estate security, says that no new loans are desired, and that the small mortgages held are being paid off with rapidity.

—Canon Farrar's final reply to the elaborate criticisms of Dr. Pusey on his *Eternal Hope* will be published in a few days. It will be entitled *Mercy and Hope*, and will be perused with interest by those who have read his previous works, and admire his strong, clear, eloquent style.

—Lord Beaconsfield's personal estate has been sworn to by his executors as being worth not over $300,000 after the payment of his debts. This includes his valuable library and heirlooms. The real estate at Hughenden is entailed to his nephew, and is heavily mortgaged, but the income during his minority will extinguish the debt. His miscellaneous effects were sold at auction in London a few days since, and brought only about $35,000. The original manuscript of *The Young Duke* brought $1000; *Contarini Fleming*, $1000; *Alroy*, $700; and three other manuscripts $450 each.

—Among Englishmen in London who are proverbial for hospitality to Americans Captain Arthur B. Cook has long stood conspicuous, and his friends in New York, where his fine form and face are very well known and remembered, will be glad to learn that he has recently married Miss Kahn, an heiress, and the niece of Sir George Jessel, Master of the Rolls, who enjoys the agreeable salary of $30,000 a year. The gallant captain Kahn and probably will now settle down comfortably into the married state, and give up roaming over the planet, with the pleasantest parts of which he is so familiar.

—Mr. J. P. Bowman, of Cuttingsville, Vermont, has just completed the most expensive tomb in the country. It cost $75,000, and is erected to the memory of his wife and daughter. "At the entrance," says the Troy *Times*, "stands a life-size statue of Mr. Bowman, in the most advanced style of modern realism, with hat and gloves in one hand, and a wreath of immortelles in the other."

—Three years ago Lieutenant-Governor Tabor, of Colorado, was only the proprietor of a small supply store in a mining camp, and provided two miners with food and outfit for a prospecting tour around Leadville, stipulating for a certain interest in any claim they might find. They soon discovered the Little Pittsburgh Mine, from which Mr. Tabor derived a large fortune, since which he has been so successful in mining operations that he is estimated to be worth several millions.

—President Chadbourne, of Williams College, is rather a lively gentleman. Besides attending to his presidential duties, he has during the past year edited three volumes for the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, superintended the construction of an eight-mile canal in connection with North Carolina gold mines, and run a cotton mill.

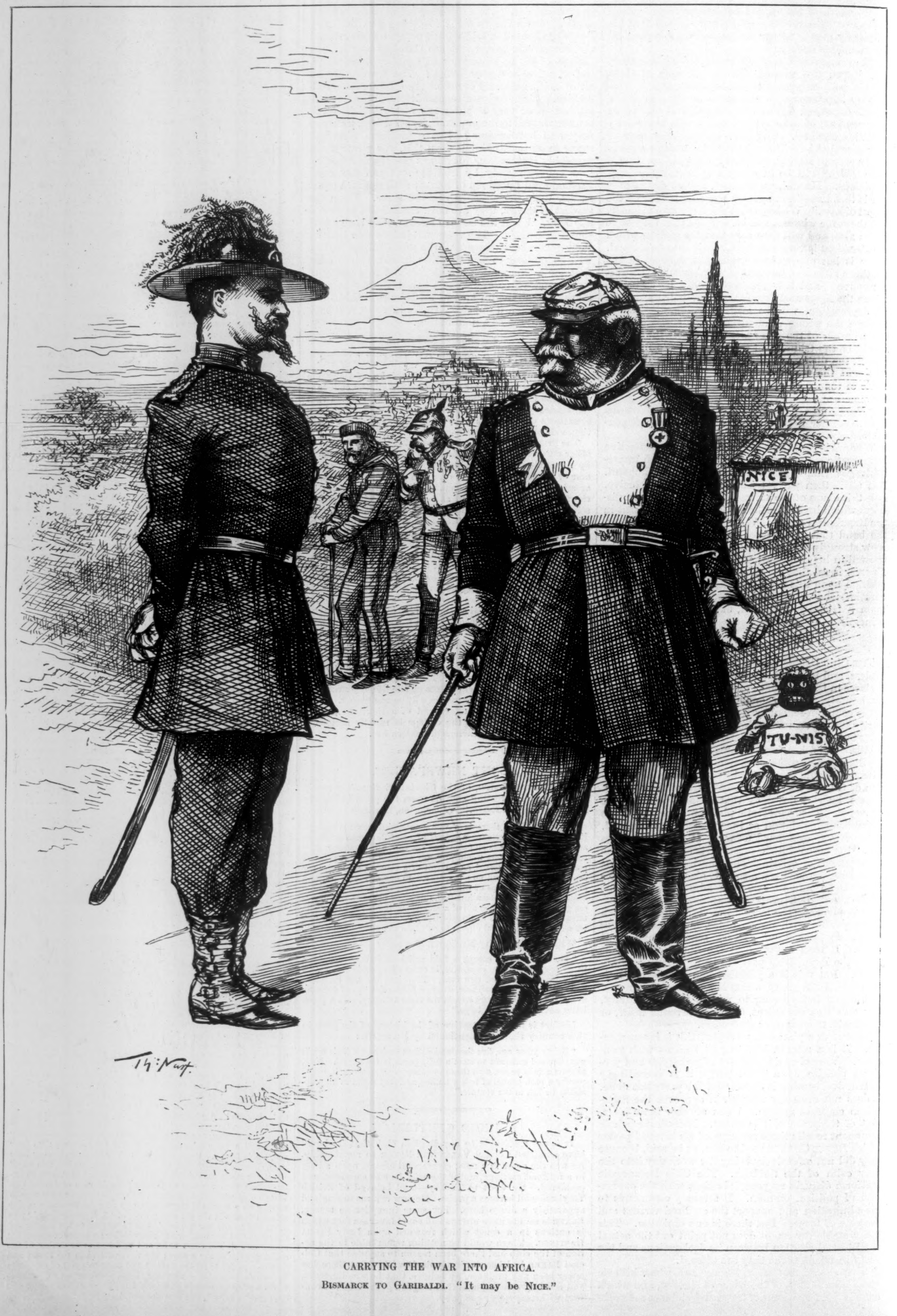
—Ex-Vice-President Wilson's personal effects brought small prices at their public sale a few days since. An autograph album with 200 names of famous men was bought by ex-Governor Claflin for $1 50; Wilson's autograph lecture on slavery, $3; Horace Mann's pocket-knife, $1 50; and a picture of General Grant, 15 cents.

—Mr. Munkacsy, the Hungarian artist, has refused to take less than $160,000 for his new picture of "Christ before Pilate." Mr. Munkacsy was formerly a cabinet-maker's apprentice, and during his leisure hours earned small sums by painting flowers upon the furniture of the peasant farmers of his native town.

—The French crown jewels are to be sold in London. The principal one of the collection is the famous "Regent," for which it is understood there will be two earnest competitors—Mrs. Mackay, who desires to present it to the Pope, and Madame Blanc, of Monaco, who wishes it for her daughter, Madame Bonaparte.

—This story is told by "Walsingham" of Mr. Lawrence Jerome's visit to his niece, Lady Randolph Churchill, in London. Mr. Jerome accosts a stately footman: "Is Mr. Churchill at home?" (The footman shivers.) "Me lud is in Ireland." "Humph! what's he doing in Ireland?" (The footman is silent with horror.) "Is Mrs. Churchill in?" (The footman quivers with indignation.) "Me lady, sir, is not down stairs yet." "Not up! Humph! A pretty time of day to be in bed! Well, you just tell Mrs. Churchill—" (The footman pales, and is about to summon assistance to eject the audacious intruder, when—a silvery laugh and a voice float down from over the balusters: "I hear you, Uncle Larry. Come right in.") The footman, bowing low: "Oh, sir—me lud—pardon me. If you please, me lud, this way."

—Lucy Hamilton Hooper, one of the cleverest of American letter-writers abroad, writes as follows from London of Queen Victoria's only unmarried daughter: "Poor Beatrice, who is rapidly verging on a royal old maidism, is very like the members of the suicidal family in the old comic song of 'A Horrible Tale,' 'who never had no fun nor nothink.' She never goes to the theatre nor the opera with her brother and sister-in-law; she never makes her appearance at the court balls, and still less at any other of the social gayeties of the season; she never drives in the Park; and though reported to be the wittiest and most brilliant of all Queen Victoria's daughters, she certainly leads the dreariest existence to which a princess, outside of a fairy tale full of wicked fairies and impregnable towers, was ever doomed."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TU-NIS
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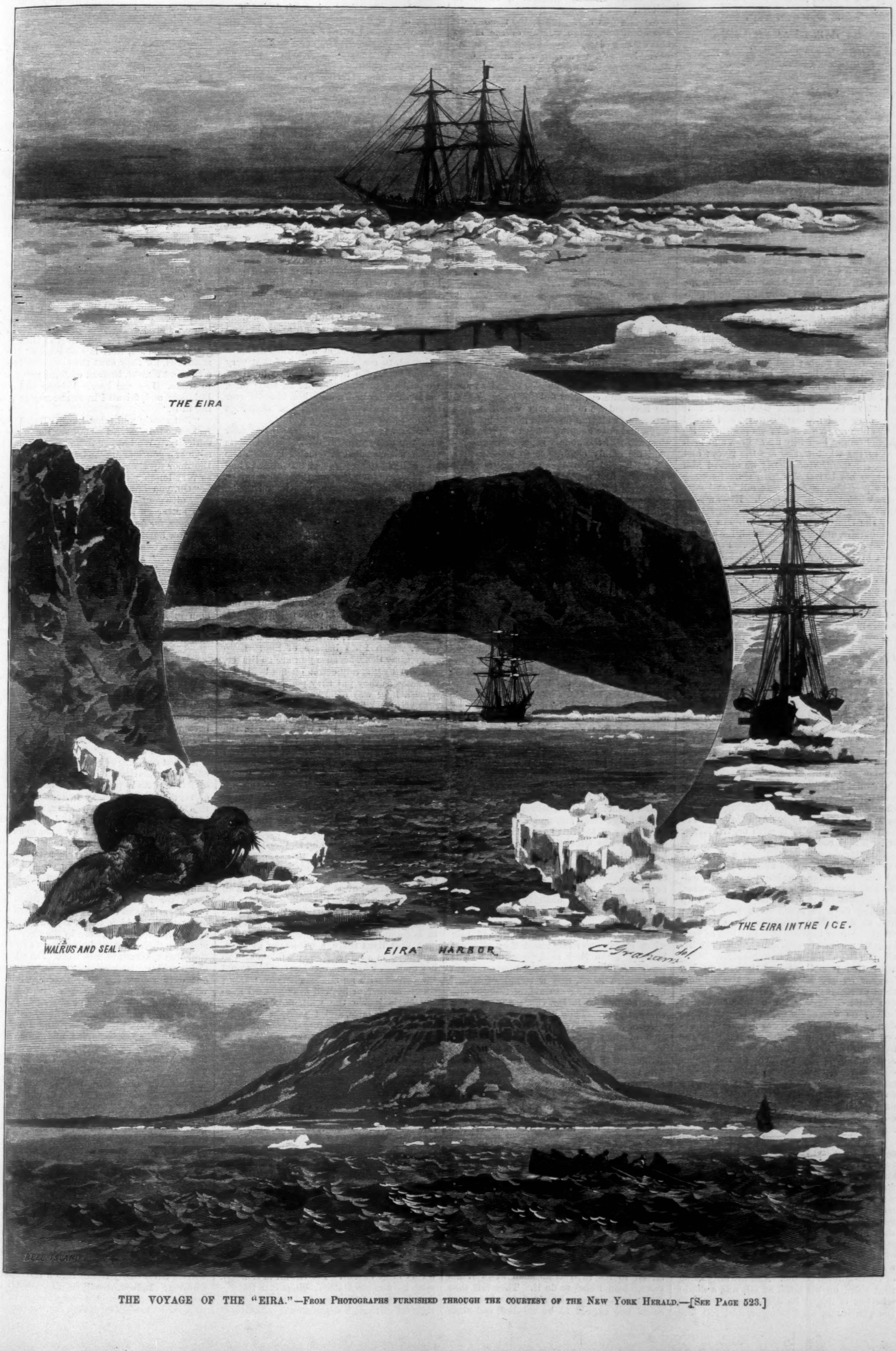
CARRYING THE WAR INTO AFRICA.

BISMARCK TO GARIBALDI. "It may be NICE."


THE EIRA
WALRUS AND SEAL.
EIRA HARBOR
THE EIRA IN THE ICE.
C. Graham del.
BELL ISLAND.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "EIRA."—From Photographs furnished through the courtesy of the New York Herald.—[See Page 523.]

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "Mary Anerley," "Lorna Doone," "Cripps, the Carrier," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PERILOUS ENTERPRISE.

Whenever a thing begins to move, it is wonderful how it will go on. There was a man in Devonshire who lay in bed, as his own wife said of him, for one-and-twenty years, with no other reason than because he liked it, and found his constitution thrive. He enjoyed a pension from the British Crown of twelve shillings a week, paid quarterly; because his father—much against his own desire—had received a bullet intended for a member of the royal family. It appears that the fate of the parent dwelt with singular force upon the filial mind; and the son reasoned justly that as his dear father had brought on his decease by standing up, he of the next generation might avoid the like result by lying down. It is impossible to penetrate into the human mind; and this man's motive, or determination not to move, may have been even larger. However, there he was for thrice seven years; and the neighborhood respected him, because he did no work. And he might have been there now if he had only stuck fast. But there came a new curate of uneasy mind, who fancied that this man was neglecting duty, and would rouse him up to a sense of his position. He made him get half way up at first, and look out of the window, and see the river; and with six months of energy he stirred him up into his breeches, which were hanging on a peg by the door, like mildewed stirrups when the horse is dead. Even a pensioner may thus be killed. The poor fellow saw the church-yard from a window going down stairs, and shook his head, for he preferred a pillow to a tombstone. For a few days he exerted some reluctant steps, and then became a walking funeral.

So it is also with the rest of us, who must get out of bed, because we have no pension. When once we get out of the tranquil horizontal into the whirl of the vertical state, we are hurrying ourselves, very much against our own desires, to a larger world. Neither is that, however bad it may be, by any means the worst of it. For we have provoked into a restless mood things that are only too glad to have some excuse for not standing still on us. With sudden alacrity they begin to slide, and, like sticks in an avalanche, we go too.

The perception of this great truth was clearer in the ancient times than it is today. We find it consistently impressed upon us by the Chorus in Greek plays, by Pindar also, and the wise Theognis, and the genial Herodotus. Hence, with flowing weight, it descends into the grand lines of Lucretius, the torrent of Catullus, and the sudden turns of Horace. And there used to be plentiful sense of it with us, till loftier science took command of sense.

Now Mr. George Gaston was a very able man, and one of great activity; therefore he laughed at the maxim of antiquity, *quieta noli movere*, which is in our vernacular, "let sleeping dogs lie." He had roused up sleeping dogs to make them follow him; and at first they seemed to do so without troubling him to whistle. But before very long they began to sniff about, and make little excursions on their own account.

In this man's arrogant inroad on Mr. Tucker he had been guilty of the old mistake of supposing that Devonshire people are thick-headed, with a thickness that leaves no space inside. It is not to be denied that their skulls are solid; but every melon-grower will maintain that the substance of his rind has its own advantage, and enhances the coolness of the choice contents. Therefore it would have been a more sagacious act on the part of Gaston to have kept his temper, poured graceful praises on his host's glass drumsticks, and cordially departed with a hope to come again.

Not that this excellent old gentleman, retired from the timber trade, fostered any twist of sap about it. His grain was good, and he would cut up well; and before he was cut up, or even cut down, he was a fine piece of maturity, and sound at core. The impertinence of his red-faced guest was gone from his mind when he said his prayers that night. And when it was brought up again the next day, by some indignation of his sister, Mr. Tucker only said that such a class of persons was below the contempt of right-minded people. And the only thing that acted on his mind at all, was a doubt whether it might be his duty to write to the gentleman on Dartmoor, and tell him that some low fellow was inquisitive about him. But doubting lets the time go by; and time went by without a letter to deliver.

All this was according to the manner of mankind, who, when worthy of the name, cast off as a plaguesome burden little enmities. But even as a man may kill his own queen-wasps, and bring in their bodies, and have them pitied, so, if he is too magnanimous to kill them, somebody will set forth to do that duty for him, and probably it will be a lady.

Mrs. Giblets and her daughter Mary, when they heard what the high-colored man had said and done, longed only to run after him and pull him off his horse. But finding that he was gone too far for any chance of laying hands on him, they consoled themselves with some fine old proverbs, whose pith was that their time would come. And so it did, to their own great amazement, although they had been so confident about it. For it happened that the whilom Mayoress of Barum (whose Mary had been born into a silver cradle, as well as with a silver spoon in her mouth) possessed a sister of a wandering turn, who, after many ups and downs, had turned up well. That is to say, she had married a man for the third time—not the same man, of course, though such a thing has happened in these cycles of divorce—and the third time was lucky, as it ought to be. Husband No. 3 made up for 1 and 2, who had gone to their rest at the public expense; for although he had entered on the matrimonial stage with more courage than cash, he obtained his reward. He invested £5 on his very wedding day, reasoning well that he could not be hit both ways, and only keeping fifteen shillings for the outlay of the honey-moon. Fortune repaid his manly confidence so briskly that his £5 turned into five-and-twenty before he got his first uxorial wigging; that is to say, within three days. For that was the golden era of the Railway rush, when even solid heads were spinning, and generally got the worst of it in clashing with the light ones. In a few months Mr. Snacks was worth more than five-and-twenty thousand pounds; then he got in his cash, invested in safe mortgages, which were almost going begging, bought a nice house near Regent's Park, and only kept a small amount in speculation.

Mrs. Snacks had always borne in mind the kindness of her brother Mr. Tucker and her sister Mrs. Giblets, both of whom had helped her, to the best of their convenience, in the by-gone days of poverty. And now she longed to make them some return, as well as to show them her new house, and prove to Mr. Snacks what she had always said—that she belonged to a family he might be proud of. Also there was a little Snacks by this time, the first fruit of the lady's triple conjunction, and he seemed sometimes to languish for lack of admiration. Neither was it utterly beyond the book of fate that some of the pleasant timber merchant's money might be directed, by a hospitable turn, toward his godson, the junior Snacks. Mr. Tucker, however, declined stage-coaching, and could not bear the jolting of the rail beyond it, which the driver of the Quicksilver declared would kill a bull. His sister, being younger, might attempt it if she chose, and Mary could never have enough seesaw. Therefore these two accepted invitations, and a swing was put up in the old walnut-tree to bring them into training for the tossings of the Line.

It must have been the middle of July when they were ready; and they all wept heartily when they said "good-by." The travellers took a cask of salted butter, three Devonshire hams, and a round of spiced beef, and asserting (to assure themselves) their confidence in Heaven, set forth upon this enterprise of ambition and audacity.

After many marvels and a vast prolongation of their lives—if life, as is now contended, can be measured only by perceptive jerks—these two positively were in London, and they thought so little of it that their minds were gone. They would not say a word to hurt the feelings of Aunt Snacks, who set this down to their abashment; but as soon as she was gone they declared in one breath that Exeter was much the finer city, and that London was all trees and little windows and big spikes, without any Fore Street for the folk to come together.

And the more they saw of our vast metropolis, the less they thought of it, and the more they wanted to be back again in a town where they knew the people. There was nobody in this stuck-up place even to touch his hat to them; and although they never looked for it around their house at home, they liked to have it done, and contrived to let their tradesman know if his young men failed to do it. They felt that they were downright strangers here, and could not expect to be saluted, and must get accustomed to be passed like posts. They saw that it was reasonable, but they did not like it.

To the acclimatized urban mind (degenerating into the less urbane) few things are more wondrous than the memories of their "country cousins." If a genuine Yorkshire or Devonshire man—before the railways spoiled them both—ever espied in a country lane a Londoner trying to enjoy himself, and met him again, after changeful years, as a cock upon his own—or rather let us say, as a gentleman treading his own street, the rustic would hail him, and invite him to a parley, and tell him what his hat and waistcoat were, when faded from the owner's memory. That gentleman's large heart might be fervent with great business, but the other would never let him go until he declared that he remembered all about it.

When Mrs. Giblets and her daughter Mary, walking in a broad northern street, suddenly espied the red-faced man, they did not by any means act thus, but endeavored to preserve their dignity. They gave one another a nudge, to point perception and enjoin discretion, and then they walked past him with their bonnets turned aside, and their countenances lost in many ribbons of eclipse. Mr. Gaston caught a glimpse of bright country color, and marched on none the wiser. But they, with a spirit beyond their wont, and inspired perhaps by the air of Town, turned, and at sagacious distance followed, to see what became of that very odious man. To find out where he lived would be a precious feather in their caps, for Mr. Tucker had reproached himself over and over again for letting that visitor go without knowing more about him.

"Mary, you leave it all to me. But your eyes are more younger like." Mrs. Giblets spoke with some excitement, because she was obliged to walk rather fast, and she had just been enjoying a long look at a turtle, as the relict of a mayor was bound to do, and she had longed to go in and tell them who she was; and afterward it made her sigh to walk, not for two thoughts of the animal, but only from remembering what her husband said when the silver cradle was sent home, with a lace coverlet and a Bristol turtle in it; for if any one knew how to do things well, the Barnstaple people in those days did. "Mary, you push on afront; he wouldn't know you again so soon as me, because you be scarcely come to any size yet, and his cousin Sir Courtenay had acquaintance of your father, unless he were a story-teller, which I do believe of him. Keep you on, my dear, because you are so limber, and you may surely count on me behind—the same as they put they pelisses here—to come a long way afterward. But be sure that you walk fittily."

Mary, like a child, was proud as Punch to be so important, and to walk alone in the perilous streets of London; however, she preserved discretion, and walked fittily, even when her dear mamma was a hundred yards behind her. For the red-faced man strode along at good speed, and short Devonshire legs had to go two for one to keep him anywise in view.

At length, in a place where the street narrowed into a road, without windows on either side, Mr. Gaston stopped at a door in a high wall, unlocked it, and entered, and slammed the door behind him. A little further on there were large folding gates, with real timber trees overhanging them—such an entrance to a mansion standing back in its own grounds as Mary had seen in the outskirts of Exeter, but did not expect to find in London. "It must be some very great man that lives there, a nobleman at least, and perhaps a prince," Mary Giblets said to her mother, when she met her coming round the corner with an anxious heart. "Don't cough, mother, or he will hear you. I dare say he is inside the wall, now just. He looked back once, and I thought I should have dropped. It was just the way he looked at me when I skipped through the stile of the little ham where the bull was."

"Don't you be put upon your ropes, my dear," Mrs. Giblets answered calmly, though her clothes were hot; "if it is a prince as lives behind this wall, it never can be Redface himself. He may be the butler, or the man-cook; for you heard what your uncle Snacks said yesterday. They keep a man to roast and boil in London, because of their complexions being cooler. And like enough that is why he hath a ruddy countenance. But come you in here, and have a bun, dear heart. It is a little shop; and I love a little shop, because it looks like double-bakes. And if they don't know nothing else in London, they know better than hath visited our country how to keep the glasses and the plates together."

These two ladies were not only thirsty, as ladies nearly always are, but also hungry to a very large extent. For the air of London, with its fine circulation, brings into the upper stomach of the recent visitor a very delightful (although to the slower mental faculties imperceptible) recognition of prime joints revolving at the bright well-springs of all that smoke. Possibly that is not the cause, or only one among many; but the upshot is the same. When people from the country come to London, they are hungry at the end of every street, or sometimes at the beginning.

"I don't know why I should ask, I am sure," Mrs. Giblets said to the pastry-cook, as he would have been called in Devonshire; "for we have such a number of large houses in our parish; but do you happen to know, sir, who lives across the road, inside that wall? It looks so respectable, and rare in London."

"I conclude, ma'am," answered the pastry-cook, "you are only just come from the country."

"Well, sir, yes; to some extent. But we know a great deal about London ways; and every day makes a difference. We are accustomed to a city, and this does not seem to be one."

"You are right, ma'am. We are quite in the country here. Two and eightpence; fourpence change."

"But you should not speak with so much haste. Mary, my dear, look in my purse. I thought I put down three and sixpence. There was four and sixpence in that end. Oh, no, I see; I beg your pardon, sir. But you have not told me who lives in there."

"Well, ma'am, that is easier asked than answered, for they shut themselves up like a convent almost, instead of doing any good to trade. But the house belongs to Lord Delapole, and, for all I know, he may be living in it."

"But surely you must know. You must feel some interest. I do not ask out of mere curiosity. We happen to have some knowledge of a gentleman who has just gone in at the door up there. He paid us a visit not so very long ago."

"Oh, you know Mr. Gaston, do you? A very nice gentleman, no doubt. Ladies, you had better go and ask him about his own business, for he knows it best."

"How horribly rude these London people are!" Mrs. Giblets exclaimed as they walked away. "They positively seem to care no more about you the moment they have got your cash. However, we know the place now, Mary dear, and we'll set your uncle Snacks to work. He must be the cleverest man in London, to have made such a fortune in such a horrid place."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

We have, to a great extent, the power of prolonging our lives. Living by rule, and obeying nature's simple laws, may seem very irksome to people at first, but doing so soon becomes a habit, and a blessed habit, and one that tends to happiness, to comfort, and to length of days.

A great deal might be said about the benefits of regularity in our modes and ways of living. As a proof of the beneficiality of regular living, I may instance the fact that old people who have once settled down in a kind of groove of life, if I may so call it, can not be unsettled therefrom, even for a few days, without danger to health and life itself. They may have, perhaps, their regular time for getting up in the morning, certain methods of ablution, certain kinds and qualities of food and drink, certain hours for taking these, certain times for rest, exercise, and recreation, and a hundred other things, which, taken separately, may seem but trifles, but taken in the aggregate make up their lives, and they know and feel that they must not be unsettled. The wheels of life will run long in grooves, but soon run out over rough irregular roads. Habits, whether good or bad, are easily formed when one is young, but when one gets up in years it is terribly difficult and ofttimes dangerous to set them aside. Therefore, I say to the young—ay, and to the middle-aged—study, if you would live long, to be regular in your habits of life in every way, and let your regularity have a good tendency.

Be regular in your hours of getting up in the morning and going to rest at night, but you can not easily be so unless you are regular in your light-of-day life. The simple fact that you lie down for so many hours out of the twenty-four does not prove that you have secured that necessity of life, a good night's rest. A little preparation of both body and mind is needed to enable us to enjoy sound and refreshing sleep, and so be fortified by morning to struggle successfully with the events of another day. Do not forget that during sleep the brain is in a comparatively bloodless condition; but excitement causes a flow of blood to the capillaries of that vital organ, and if you retire to rest before it be toned down, you will be little likely to fall into a refreshing slumber. Indeed, it will in all probability be just the reverse; the very endeavor to sleep will banish it effectually for hours, if not for the whole night; there will be war between mind and body, and the latter will assuredly come off second best. They sleep best who have neither worry nor care to annoy them; but one should try to get into a habit of being able to lay off care with one's office coat, and of devoting the evening to reading or any kind of calm enjoyment. But what are termed "night-caps," or soothing drinks, should never be had recourse to. They are generally of a spirituous nature and composition, and therefore they are narcotics, and should not be needed for healthful sleep. They never did and never could tend to longevity.

There is a great and intimate connection between brain and stomach, chiefly through the medium of the pneumogastric nerve, hence heavy suppers are not conducive to healthful sleep. I do not believe, of course, in going supperless to bed, but the last meal should be a light one, and certainly an easily digested one; a man is not in actual health if he needs a heavy supper to cause him to sleep. I would not advise such a person to purchase an annuity, for obvious reasons. A hearty supper will no doubt induce sleep, but it is not sound, blissful, child sleep. It is turgid, brain-puffing, bloated sleep. A sow eats a hearty supper, and heavy slumber follows; a boa-constrictor swallows an ox, and goes to sleep for a fortnight. Neither animal is much to be admired. However, what I wish to impress upon you is the fact that want of good refreshing sleep is incompatible with longevity. One *must* learn to sleep well who would live long, and refreshing slumber is not to be obtained through the narcotism of night-caps or enormous suppers.

Regularity in meal-times is another thing one should study, if health would be retained and long life hoped for. I need hardly say that the food should be partaken of slowly, and that all excess or intemperance in either eating or drinking should be studiously avoided. It is very injurious to the health to stimulate the appetite at table by wines and piquant sauces. One should find one's appetite by legitimate means before sitting down; it should be brought to the table, not manufactured there, or taken up as you do your table napkin.

As regards food, some people—nay, but I may say very many people—oftentimes commit a grave error in this way: they sit down to table and eat, whether they be hungry or not. Sit down to table by all means; but if you have little appetite, if the stomach tells you it needs rest, let it have it, and eat but very sparingly indeed.

But a person not only desires to live long, but to retain his faculties and senses; how, then, are we to do this? Why, by exercising them regularly, but never to the verge of fatigue. Take the eyesight, for instance. Would you preserve it? Well, do not forget that to a great extent that beautiful optical instrument, the eye, is presided over by muscles which not only alter its direction, but even its focus; the eye, then, that is used not only to read small print, but to discern objects at a distance, is the one that, apart from the dimness incidental to old age, is likely to last the longest. And the same may be said of the ear. Acuteness of hearing may be cultivated in youth by civilized beings just as it is by savages; and where it is so, it is seldom lost till advanced old age. This species of aural exercise, however, is out of the question in towns. But wherever one lives, the organ of voice can be cultivated and exercised. Music of all kinds, and the practice of singing especially, are great aids to health, happiness, and longevity.

Mental exercise is favorable to long life, and even under adverse circumstances a man with a well-trained mind will live longer than a lout; the former has something to fall back upon, the latter depends entirely on external impressions. I think that Euclid and algebra should be (within bounds) as much studied by girls as by boys; even the puzzling out of anagrams, riddles, enigmas, etc., should be encouraged, and above all original composition and the writing of verses.

Thousands of people annually ruin their constitutions by simply swallowing too much medicine. It may seem a strange thing for a medical man to say, but it is nevertheless a fact. It is a dangerous thing to fly with every little ailment to the medicine chest. The use of tonics, unless under medical advice, should be discountenanced: a tonic is sharper than a two-edged sword; it is a tool that needs to be used with caution. There are now, I am sorry to see, some aerated waters coming into use which contain the strongest mineral tonics, that are apt to accumulate in the system with the most disastrous results. They should therefore not be drunk *ad libitum* as to quantity, or without guidance as to quality.

Rest should be taken with great regularity. I have already spoken of nocturnal rest, but one day in seven should be set apart for the complete rest of both body and mind. Independent of this, all who can afford it should take an annual holiday. Travelling is cheap, and two weeks or a month's relaxation from care and business can not make a big hole in the purse of one who works well all the rest of the year, and knows how to economize time. Innocent pleasure and wholesome recreation conduce to longevity. All work and no play sends Jack to an early grave. Recreation is to the mind and nervous system what sunshine is to the blood.

As a physician, I must be allowed to say just one word about the quieting, calming effect of religion upon the mind. The truly religious make by far and away the best patients, their chances of recovery from serious sickness are greater, and so is their chance of long life, simply owing to the power they have of submitting themselves quietly, yet humbly and *hopefully*, to whatsoever may be before them.

GUARDING THE LITTLE ONES.

The city of New York has hardly felt heretofore the evils to which the great cities of England and the Continent are subjected in the ruin of young children. There has certainly been evil enough in this direction, but it has not, until lately, been sufficient to stir the clumsy machinery of our legislation to the provision of a remedy. Much has been done by volunteers in the noble work of saving the young. The Children's Aid Society—with its day and night schools, its lodging-houses, its ingenious and sagacious system of encouragement for industry, cleanliness, and improvement, and, above all, its admirable agencies for providing Western homes for the little ones plucked from the streets—has done much. Its name, its work, and its promoters are known far beyond the limits of the State or the country, and the fame of its beautiful and steadily spreading beneficence is one of the things (not otherwise too numerous) of which New-Yorkers may be proud. But the field is much too large for one set of laborers, or for one kind of instruments, and of late years it has been growing, until even the sluggish sensibilities and the toughened consciences of the legislators of the State have been compelled to recognize it. This has been brought about in great part by the labors of, and the society kindred with, the Children's Aid, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which has secured the passage of a law intended to put a check upon some of the worst dangers to which children are exposed.

This law makes it a misdemeanor for any person having the custody of a child under four years of age to permit or to neglect to restrain such child from "begging, gathering or picking or sorting rags, from collecting cigar stumps, or bones or refuse from markets." Persons convicted of the offense thus defined are subjected by the law to a fine of from twenty-five to one hundred dollars, while the little ones are put under the charge of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Already, under this law, one conviction has been had, that of an Italian mother, whose child was arrested while gathering cigar stumps. The woman, unable to pay her fine, was sent to jail for twenty-five days, and the child was intrusted to the agent of the society.

It may be that this law will at first seem harsh, and that its rigid enforcement will give rise to some hardship. But it is not likely that anything less distinct and severe would have any effect upon the class to whom the law is directed, consisting mostly, as a matter of fact, of the Southern Italians, and particularly the Neapolitans, whose numbers have very largely increased lately. It is difficult for an American who has not visited the haunts of these people frequently to realize to himself how completely brutish they are in many of their views and practices toward children. With only such faint glimmer of intelligence themselves as will enable them to carry on the pettiest occupations for a living, they have no more conception of any obligation to educate or improve their children than a born deaf-mute has of music. They regard them as instruments for aiding in the common task, hard at best; and when they have given them rags for clothing, and shelter from the weather, with scant food, their idea of duty is filled. The children are driven out daily into the streets and gutters to ply their pitiful callings, entirely unmindful of the temptations or defilement to which they are exposed.

How terrible these in reality are any one who has the courage and the stomach to make a few tours of the Italian and like quarters can soon discover. Among the boys, sucking stale beer from the kegs in front of saloons, smoking filthy cigar butts or the rejected ends of cigarettes, gambling at pitch-penny, or, in more advanced cases, at the fascinating pin-pool, are the common amusements, in which the girls only too often join. Ribaldry and profanity are as common with them as innocent play and song to more favored children. In the saloons where pool is played they are frequently instructed by New York Fagins in the arts of petty pilfering, of pocket-picking, sneak-thieving, circulating counterfeit coin, and, later, in burglary and highway robbery. The girls, on the other hand, prematurely developed by the hot atmosphere of vice in which they live, are early polluted, and enter only too often on lives of the most degraded and disgusting criminality. It is for the protection of children who are in fact almost worse than fatherless and motherless that the recent law has been enacted. Were it simply an ordinary prohibitory statute, it might be passed by as of no importance; it would become a dead letter, as scores of other statutes, depending on the Circumlocution Office of the prosecuting attorney for their enforcement, have become. But happily in this instance there is behind the law an organization, with officers and agents of energy, good sense, and a benevolent zeal in their work, who will see to it that the provisions of the statute are carried out. This will be done, moreover, not at hap-hazard or by fits of enthusiasm, but carefully, steadily, and with discretion and a practical purpose. Had the law, moreover, simply forbidden the improper and dangerous pursuits to which it refers, and punished the custodians of the children, while leaving the children themselves without even such poor guardianship as these custodians could give, it would be open to grave criticism. But the law permits the committing magistrate to confide the children in these cases to the care of the society which has obtained its passage, and this society has shown in many ways its purpose and capacity to discharge such a trust with the greatest advantage to the children and to the community. It is a very arduous and unpleasant task, and sometimes a thankless one, which the society has assumed; only too often its motives are misrepresented, and its agents are held up unjustly to condemnation or ridicule; but every person who knows the value of a child's soul rescued from vice and misery and crime, every one who feels toward the deserted and wandering little ones with the sympathy which the thought of his own in such plight should inspire, will appreciate the work of the society. It deserves and should receive the hearty support of the community.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The Prince of Wales liked the flavor of a brand of cigarettes made by a London tobacconist, and he whiffed one of them in public. The fortunate manufacturer now sells his cigarettes for a higher price than any but the finest Havana cigars bring, and is becoming wealthy. The Prince, by-the-way, is badly in debt, and he might envy the financial condition of the fortunate tobacconist.

A heat wave of unusual intensity has swept over Great Britain. The thermometer rose to 98° in the shade in England—the warmest for many years. Some of the large manufactories were compelled to suspend work, and there were many fatal cases of sun-stroke. In the course of the prize shooting at Wimbledon the temperature rose to 137° in the sun. Several of the riflemen went from the field to the hospital.

The task of getting a jury to try the would-be assassin of the President will not be an easy one if pursued in the usual way. It would be interesting to see twelve men in a row who had not read of the shooting and formed an opinion concerning it.

The eccentric Mayor of Chicago has been riding around the city "in search of bad smells." The Mayor of New York has less to do—the bad smells come to him.

Professor Dennebecq, now of Rochester, who made the great æolian harp for the Sorbonne in Paris, is finishing a smaller though improved one for Mr. Ellwanger, of the former city. The big harp on the tower of the Sorbonne is twenty-five feet long. The one he is finishing is only seven feet four inches in length, but it is so arranged on a pivot that a handsome wind vane keeps it always in such position that the breeze, if there be any, sweeps its strings. The body of the instrument is of imported wood—maple and Norway pine; the strings are metal. The work of tuning it was done in the night, the noises from the street rendering it impossible for the maker to tune it accurately in the day-time.

A correspondent at a summer resort paid for his receipted bill by writing that the affable hotel clerks were so busy that they found no time to part their back hair.

It is proposed to furnish Weather Bureau signals to farmers, the same as signals are furnished to mariners at the coast stations. These signals are to consist of colored rockets sent up from stations in the farming districts at three o'clock in the morning. They will be valuable, if at all, chiefly in the haying and harvesting seasons. Farmers look to the moon for information as to the most propitious time for planting corn and potatoes, killing hogs, picking geese, and making soap; but if they can be informed by the Signal Service whether the weather is likely to continue fine, they will know how many acres of hay or grain to mark out for the day's cutting with the mower or reaper.

The Emperor of Japan returned from a journey, and one of his outrunners ordered the sentry to open the inner gate of the palace. But the keeper of the key was absent at that moment, and his Majesty had to wait for a short time. This incident led to an investigation, and it was found that there were six officers of the Imperial Guard whose duty was to take charge of that key. Each of the six has inquired whether etiquette requires that he shall resign because of the inconvenience to which the Emperor was subjected.

A Georgia clergyman has invented a combined walking-stick and ear-trumpet. It is to all appearance a light and rather pretty cane, made of hollow metal, gutta percha, or other suitable material. The user has only to remove a plug from its lower end, insert a mouth-piece in the other end, and extend it to the person from whom he wishes to receive a verbal communication, holding the plugless extremity close to his ear. The contrivance has no apple-paring attachment.

A person familiar with the appearance of the Bowery by gas-light would be almost bewildered were he to return now after an absence of a few weeks and see that thoroughfare—at night one of the most remarkable in the world—illuminated by the electric light and gas together. The street was never, within the memory of the present generation, attractive by day, save as a curiosity among thoroughfares; but at night thousands of gas jets blazed in the windows and in front of doors, the torches of venders flickered at the corners of intersecting streets, and all that was dingy, squalid, and displeasing to the sight was brightened into picturesqueness or covered by shadows. Within a few weeks the thick insulated wires for conducting the electric current have been strung along the edges of the sidewalks on posts with one arm, like a gibbet, and the white globes of big electric arc burners hang at frequent intervals along the street. When these lamps are lighted, a white glare is shed around, reducing the gas jets to a feeble yellow glow, and making the torches of the venders look like miniature volcanoes belching disproportionate volumes of black smoke. When the electric light invaded that thoroughfare, all that was picturesque and attractive in the Bowery by gas-light departed. Of the throngs that have contributed and still contribute to the lively appearance of the street by night the least said the better.

A black bear undertook to embrace an Idaho belle, and she punched out one of his eyes with her parasol. Out of consideration for her matrimonial prospects, the name and address of the young woman are withheld.

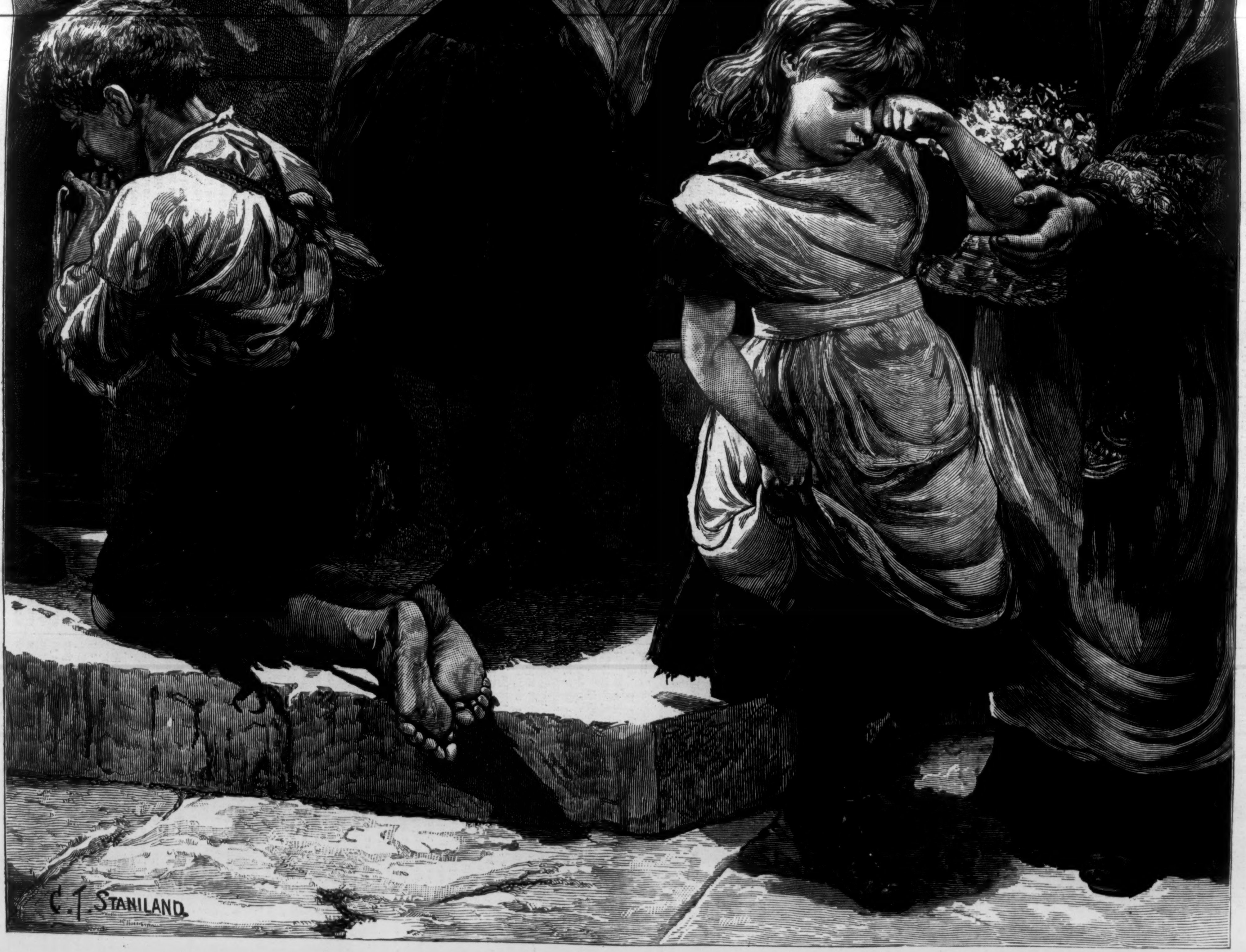
According to a writer on society topics in this city, the young men who have returned to their native land with English ideas in their heads and London-made clothing on their backs make their bets over the card and billiard tables in guineas instead of dollars, and their expressions are imitations of those heard in the London club-rooms.

The town of Cisco, Texas, depends for water upon a well seventy feet deep and one and a half miles distant. Water is delivered at the homes of the residents for five cents a bucket, or forty cents a barrel.

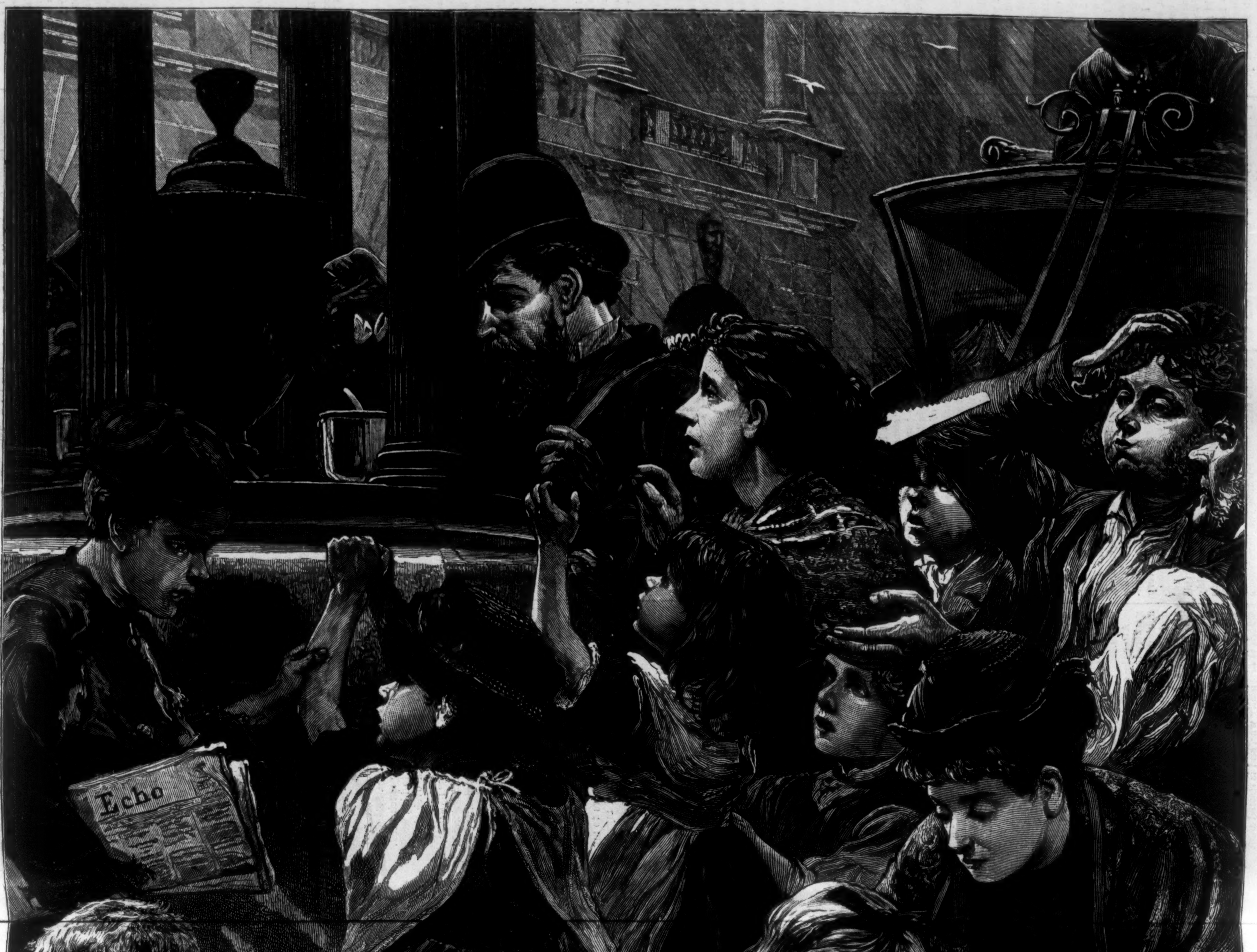
Nine times out of ten when a street car filled with passengers is delayed by a wagon on the track, the driver on the wagon is a man who immigrated to this land, and is mentally bloated with the thought that this is a free country.

The electric light has been tried in the House of Commons, and condemned, partly because it made the ladies in the gallery "look as if they were figuring in tableaux vivants." Its occasional hissing sound is unpleasant—especially to the member who happens to be speaking.

The determination to recall the Chinese youths who were sent to this country in 1872 and since then to be educated is evidence that the progress of the Chinese government toward liberality has been somewhat overrated. Yung Wing and Chang Lai Sun, who were chiefly instrumental in procuring the consent of the government to the experiment, are enthusiasts on the subject. Yung Wing is almost as thoroughly American as though he had been bred in the land of wooden nutmegs, and Chang Lai Sun's early experience in American schools and in college, before he went back for his twenty years' residence in the Celestial Empire, made him an ardent admirer of American institutions. It is not doing these gentlemen any injustice to infer that their advocacy of the experiment of sending boys here to be educated was made more zealous by the hope, though unexpressed, that the youths would imbibe principles not found in text-books, and would go back to China prepared to do much toward liberalizing the sentiment that rules in their land. The fact that some of the young men drifted into excesses from which the native Freshmen and Sophomores in American colleges are not free gave the government a pretext for their recall. On the other hand, some of the boys have been most exemplary students. A young son of Chang Lai Sun has written some very graceful verses, which have been printed, and would have done credit to one who had not the great disadvantage of writing in a language so different from his own as the English is different from the Chinese.


C. T. STANILAND

A SULTRY DAY.—[SEE PAGE 523.]


Echo

THE PRESIDENT.

GREAT soul, rejoice! because thou hast this grace
Above all others for thy lot and part—
That thou through suffering should win the place
Nearest and dearest to the nation's heart.

Has it not cheered thee through the battle's flame,
And praised thy deeds with jubilant accord,
O knight of freedom worthy of thy fame,
O Christian soldier with a stainless sword?

Has it not honored thee with place and power?
But now it loves thee—oh, reward most rare!
So count the bitter pain of each long hour
The price of days that shall be still more fair.

For now let Faction drop her evil-eye,
Envy and foiled Ambition slink away:
The nation stands beneath a lofty sky,
And every petty wrong forgets to-day.

Like as the children of one household band
Draw close together in the shade of death,
And have no quarrels then, but hand in hand
Watch lovingly the dear, uncertain breath,

So now there is no North, or South, or West;
There is no East. We are not four, but one;
Around thy bed of pain this is confessed,
And suffering is crowned when love is won.

A FIGHT FOR HIM.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "COWARD CONSCIENCE," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," "POOR HUMANITY," ETC.

I.—MISS FORSYTH.

TEN years ago I was an inmate of the Seacliffe Convalescent Home. I had been very ill before that—at one time even given up, and glad in my own heart possibly that there was so close an end to it all, and a prospect of long rest, and no more task-masters. I had been worked to death, the doctors said; how I could have kept up so long had been a matter of perplexity to all those interested in my case. Everything had been against me; difficult and responsible work, unsympathetic employers, weak health, scanty means to supply the delicacies which everybody recommended me, and mental trouble—a "something in my mind" of which nobody knew, and which I, being a proud young woman in my way, was not likely to confess. The doctors guessed as much, and asked a few general questions, but they were not inquisitorial. They warned me, that was all. I was not to brood; I was to keep cheerful; to let the cares of the world go by me quietly; and there was a probability I might recover in due course of time. I was strongly recommended to go to Madeira or Algiers, but as I had no money and few friends, I remained in London, drooped, sickened more and more, gave up, went into the hospital, fought a hard fight for life, or had it fought for me by wise and clever doctors, and finally was sent to the Home at Seacliffe, by special interest of the faculty; and here, amongst some seventy or a hundred convalescents like myself, I, thanks to the fresh scenes and the keen sea-breeze, gradually got well and strong.

It was here I met Miss Forsyth, a young lady trying very hard to get well and strong too, and not making such a rapid progress as she wished, and, indeed, as she had expected. Miss Forsyth was one of the rich patients, for whom private apartments were supplied at a fixed rate, and it was one of the rules of the establishment that those convalescents of an inferior order, and who had been admitted simply on charitable grounds, should, when well enough to do so, assist in waiting on the better classes who might be located there.

It was considered a return of friendly service for the benefits of better health conferred, and did not press heavily upon the poorer inmates, as a rule. It pressed heavily on me, for I was poor and proud, and the humble folk amongst whom my lot was thrown had known no better days like me. Many of them were domestic servants, or workmen's wives and daughters: it was my sad lot to have been a lady once.

Not that I uttered a complaint, or there was any one to guess that I felt this duty irksome—a punishment for which I had not bargained, and from which I had not the power to escape. I had perused the rules on entering, and had believed in my own ability to act up to them; I was grateful for my health and strength so rapidly returning to me, and for the care and kindness which the medical attendants and nurses had invariably shown me, and from my part of the contract I did not shrink in the first instance. It was no false pride that stood in the way; rather a true pride brought out by contact with Miss Forsyth, on whom I had to wait a little, and who was a young lady hard to please.

I may say at once that I did not like Miss Forsyth, though I tried to do so by way of a beginning. She was of my own age—some people said at the Home that she was not unlike me in appearance, but this was fancy—but a young woman more difficult for one of her own sex to "take to" I had never met. I had made many humble friends in this new sphere. I had not lost all those of the higher estate from which the improvidence of my father had let me drop. I had been vain enough to think that I had the gift of making friends until I met Miss Forsyth, and then I thought it was in my power to make an enemy more easily.

Lydia Forsyth was of a fretful and complaining nature, and exacting to a degree. Of a jealous disposition, too, which seemed to envy me my better health, and take it as a slight that she should still be left a weak and ailing woman whilst I showed signs of improvement every day. That I should get well and she should get no better was one of the inconsistencies and injustices of Fate against which she protested very peevishly. We had both turned our one-and-twentieth year, and were no longer girls. We were both of age, and both—yes, both very far from wise. We had reached our years of discretion only in name, it was even probable.

"Sometimes I don't think I shall ever be any better," Miss Forsyth said one day. "It is such slow and weary work waiting to get well!"

"You have not been here very long, Miss Forsyth."

"It seems an age," she replied; "and what was the use of calling me a convalescent, and sending me to this place, if I weren't to get strong when I came?"

"The fault of your medical advisers, perhaps."

"No. The fault of the institution, which should have closed its gates upon such an impostor as I am," she answered.

"But you are not any worse."

"You can not tell the state of my health. I believe I am," she answered, snappishly, at this.

I did not argue with her on the point. I was hardly certain myself, and as she telegraphed to London for a physician to come down to her at any expense the next day, my opinion would not have been of any value to her then.

The physician came, received a heavy fee for special service, conferred with the resident surgeon attached to the establishment, and went his way again. I was curious to know what he had said as to the condition of Miss Forsyth, to whom I played the part of half lady's-maid and half companion, but she did not satisfy my curiosity. All I knew was that she said in the evening, crossly, "I wish that man had never come," but the why and wherefore of that wish was not imparted to me. It was not my business, in Miss Forsyth's estimation, and there was an end of it.

Still she was very curious as regarded my own business in life, and that was a little aggravating. She was anxious to learn everything about myself, my birth, parentage, and antecedents, why I had come down in the world, and by whose fault, and what I thought of the lower stratum of society to which I had been reduced. This not out of sympathy with my past, I was very well assured. I set it down to the mere idle curiosity of one with much time on her hands for asking questions, and with me particularly handy to respond to them. I did not tell her everything; there were questions which I naturally resented concerning one secret, and seeing this, she harassed me rather than respected my reserve. She took advantage of my defenseless position so much that at last I asked the superintendent of the institution to place me somewhere else away from her.

"You surprise me," said Mrs. Selcombe, and she was certainly very much astonished at my request. "Miss Forsyth has expressed herself as completely satisfied with your kindness and attention."

It was my turn to be surprised now.

"I should not have thought it possible."

"She will be very much hurt if I make any alteration. Will you try for another week?"

"If you wish, madam. But I would prefer to go away altogether."

"Oh! you are not strong enough for that yet," said the superintendent, with a smile, "and here is a young lady of influence and considerable wealth who appears to have taken a fancy to you. Might I not suggest that it would be policy to conciliate and please her, if you could?"

"It is not in my power."

"I must confess she is a very eccentric and irritable person," said Mrs. Selcombe; "but all that may be natural to her weak state of health. She should not have come, I think. It was a mistake. It was too soon," she added, gravely.

"Don't you think she—" And then I paused, interested in Miss Forsyth more than I thought I could be.

"That she will get over it?" Mrs. Selcombe concluded for me. "Well, between ourselves, Miss Douglas, I don't think she will."

"Ah! that makes a difference indeed," I responded. "I will not complain of her again. I will serve her with all my heart."

II.—A STRING OF QUESTIONS.

I did my best after that day to make myself agreeable to Miss Forsyth. She interested my mind at last, though she was to me a mystery. I could not detect any affection in her nature toward me, any particular wish for my society, any common liking for a subordinate whom chance had put in her way. Rather the contrary, after all, I thought; and after a few days' closer study of her, and with a wish to set her in a brighter, clearer light, surely the contrary, unless the art of disguising one's feelings were singularly exemplified in her case.

That she was not happy was evident; that she was dissatisfied with the institution, with the inmates, with the superintendent, and the servants, with everything, was also very certain; that she was not particularly glad to see the great friends who came in their carriages to condole with her, and attempt to cheer her, they discovered for themselves; and that she quarrelled openly with her own mother, who urged her to return home, was the general topic of the Seacliffe establishment for a week after the event.

One afternoon, despite all my caution, and my new interest in this fretful and capricious young lady, I nearly quarrelled with her on my own account.

"I often wonder how you have existed here so long," she said to me. "Can there be anything more distressingly monotonous than the drag, drag, drag of that wretched sea over the stones day after day? It wearies me to death."

We were in the grounds of the institution, and on the top of the cliff. It was a bright summer's day, when the sea was full of golden ripples, and to complain of it seemed heresy.

"You should read more, Miss Forsyth."

"Oh! I detest reading," she replied. "The very sight of a book is enough for me—it reminds me of my hateful boarding-school lessons, at which they kept me chained till I was nineteen years of age."

Miss Forsyth had been evidently "backward" in her studies, but I did not hazard any comment thereon. I said, however, "I meant light reading—novels and poetry, for instance."

"Novels and poetry!" she repeated. "Oh! they are all about love, and I don't believe in it."

"You are young to be skeptical, Miss Forsyth."

"You do, then?"

She turned upon me, with her plain, dark face taking, as I fancied, darker hues at once. I did not answer her instantly—I had been speaking generally—I had forgotten how, in my own case, it was very easy to believe that love was simply a mirage. I answered her after a pause.

"I think there is a great deal of love in the world," I said, "or people would not write so much about it."

"People often write about what they don't understand," was the very true assertion here.

"Some people—not all," was my reply.

"You believe in love, then?" she went on, persistently.

"Yes," I answered, wishing and hoping this would end the discussion.

"Then you have a lover," she said, very quickly; "some one on whose faith you rely—who you are sure looks up to you as to his divinity, and to whom you look up, knowing of his truth. So that's it, Douglas? Is not that it?" she added, in great excitement and a strong anxiety for my answer.

"Oh no—that is not it; that is far from it," I said, attempting a laugh, which was very badly done.

"You are not telling me the truth," she cried, angrily; "you are deceiving me—you know you are."

I shook my head. This was the old subject upon which I was never disposed to be communicative, and least of all was I likely to confide in Miss Forsyth.

"Ah! well—then *it has been*," she said. "There has been somebody to love once, and to make a hero of? Somebody to die for—as they say in the novels you recommend me so earnestly to read. I am very sure of that, Douglas."

I did not answer her now. I was not pleased with her tone of inquiry, and this addressing me by my surname invariably irritated me, and seemed to my suspicious mind to be done to irritate me.

"I suppose you can own that, at any rate. It is no state secret which you have sworn to keep inviolate," she said.

"I do not understand why you should be so curious about me, Miss Forsyth," I replied.

"Oh, I'm not curious about you, Douglas; don't think that," was the scornful answer. "I only asked a simple question which your previous remarks on the affections suggested."

"I have made no remarks on the affections."

"You will please not to contradict me," said Miss Forsyth, with great haughtiness, "or I shall report you to Mrs. Selcombe. You forget your position altogether."

"And so do you, madam," I answered, tartly. "You forget the respect due to me and my past life; and you will pardon me, Miss Forsyth, but you forget yourself a little."

I went away with flushed cheeks and beating heart; I was tired of Miss Forsyth, and determined to leave the institution rather than subject myself any longer to her peremptory manner—to her arrogance. I had done my best with her, and failed. Mrs. Selcombe must be getting in her dotage to think my mistress had conceived in her heart any love for me. What had put it into the superintendent's head, I wondered more and more—what had Miss Forsyth said about me to give so false an impression to one so very cool and practical, as a rule, as the head of Seacliffe House? I walked toward the house brooding upon all this; I had resolved to proceed to my own room to think it all out, after a good cry over the indignities to which I had been subjected, to write out my application for withdrawal, to scribble, perhaps, a few hasty lines to Miss Forsyth, and which I thought in my conceit might do her good, and render her more considerate of the feelings of her who would take my place anon. I had nearly reached the porch when Mrs. Selcombe, attended by a gentleman, stepped from beneath it into the garden.

The gentleman was looking straight ahead, and did not see me; Mrs. Selcombe was too busy just then to take much heed. She was pointing out the way to him.

"You will find Miss Forsyth over there, sir."

"Where the white parasol is?" he asked.

"Yes. That is Miss Forsyth," answered Mrs. Selcombe, somewhat inconsistently.

"Oh!—thank you."

He raised his hat and passed on.

It was he!—it was my old lover of whom Miss Forsyth had been curious—it was the Somebody I *had* loved once, and, God knows, made a hero of. I turned hastily from him; I went with downcast eyes and rapid steps along the path which went completely round the institution; I entered the house by a side door, and hurried up stairs to my own little room, wherein I locked myself away from all the world.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A GERMAN VILLAGE.

THE little village of Gross Tabarz lies on the northern slope of the long ridge of the Thuringian Mountains, about ten miles from its northwestern end. Its economic state, which is only a type of many others in the district, is decidedly primitive. Every well-to-do family has its little strip of ground, or sometimes several such strips have been accumulated in one family by inheritance or intermarriages. The village butcher, with whose family ours was soon on tolerably intimate terms, was the owner, or at least the cultivator with perpetual rights, of many little fields situated in almost as many parishes. On these fields they raise the corn of which their bread is made, the potatoes, turnips, beet-root, etc., which help to provide them with food, and the flax which forms the raw material of their linen underclothing. The flax is spun at home by the women during the winter months when field-work is impossible, and is woven into long pieces of linen by village weavers in old-fashioned looms, such as could be seen fifty or sixty years ago in the homes of manufacturing villages in England. Each family also has its cow and its three or four geese. The latter, in addition to the profit derived by selling or eating their flesh, furnish a perennial source of revenue from their feathers, which are plucked at regular intervals from the living breasts, and sold for the purpose of making pillows and feather-beds for the inhabitants of more luxurious climes.

After the second crop of hay has been all gathered in, which is supposed to be achieved by the beginning of September, and for the gathering in of which the village schools have a special holiday, the meadows are open to the cattle and geese of all the inhabitants, and the *Hirten* have no longer such an arduous task. The pasture-land becomes again for the time the property of the Commune, the "common land" which it originally was, and is dotted with red oxen or snow-white geese. During the months of July and August the whole population, male and female, is for the most part occupied in getting in the crops of different kinds, which seem to form a continuous series, beginning with the first crop of hay, at the beginning of July, and ending with the *Grummet*, or second crop, early in September. The women are by no means behind the men in the severity of their labors. During this time work begins at 4

A.M., and lasts till dusk. The crops are gathered without the assistance of the machinery which an American or English farmer would consider essential. A very short scythe, of primitive shape and make, is used for the grass and corn. The men employ a great part of their evenings in hammering these scythes, so as to give them a harder and sharper edge, and the continuous clang of the hammers is by no means an attractive or soothing feature of life in a German peasant-proprietor village to a stranger in search of quiet. Mowing, we may notice, appears to be the one dignified agricultural work which a woman can not do. Occasionally I have seen a woman use the scythe for a few minutes, but it was always with a sort of apology on the part of the woman for intruding on masculine functions, and seemed to be regarded by the men with compassionate toleration. Women and girls are competent in Thuringia to carry burdens of sixty, eighty, or even a hundred pounds weight, in great baskets, for miles, to the nearest market town, but they can not mow, or at least public opinion decrees that they shall not.

The produce of the small strips of land is taken to the poorer homes either in curious baskets suspended like a knapsack by two straps passed over the shoulders, and carried always by women or children, or on wheelbarrows, which have the advantage of taking a rather larger quantity at once. The wealthier inhabitants employ rudely constructed wagons, and generally in this case the men superintend the operation. The whole process of gathering in the harvest is carried on by each family for itself. A few hired laborers there are, but very few, and these can not be got to work for so long hours or so energetically as the farmers themselves.

Of course any volunteer assistance is eagerly welcomed. During our stay in the village a regiment of infantry passing through on its way to some autumn manœuvres was *einquartirt* in the village. Each house-owner had to entertain with bed and board so many *Männer*, and sometimes a *Pferd* as well, the number of each being chalked up ostentatiously on the doors of the houses a day or two previously by a commissariat officer who had come on in advance. There was some grumbling at the prospect on the part of the villagers, many of whom thought sixpence a day scarcely sufficient remuneration for feeding and housing a stalwart soldier. However, the day was fine, and the soldiers, as soon as their necessary military duty was done, set to work to assist their hosts in getting the harvest in. There was little grumbling in the village the next day, but only regrets that the regiment could not stop still longer.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "EIRA."

THROUGH the courtesy of the editor of the New York *Herald* we are enabled to lay before our readers a page of illustrations of the last voyage of the *Eira*, engraved from photographs taken during the trip. The *Eira* is the property of a wealthy and enterprising English gentleman, Mr. LEIGH SMITH, who has made several voyages into the arctic regions, with a view to determining the most practicable basis of operations against the north pole. "His aim now is to show," says the correspondent of the *Herald*, "by a series of thoroughly exhaustive summer expeditions, that the southern shore of Franz-Josef Land is now the best and only base for a government arctic expedition the object of which would be to reach the north pole; and further, that the southern shore of Franz-Josef Land can be reached without difficulty any year during the summer. Eira Harbor, according to Mr. LEIGH SMITH, would be the place for the main dépôt, and the winter-quarters of the reserve vessel, while the other would push up the sound to the north, and winter at the furthest attainable point. For with only one ship an extensive dépôt would be established at Eira Harbor, and the ship would make it a base of operations.

"The last voyage of the *Eira*," continues the correspondent, "was so important a one in arctic annals that it may be well to summarize its main incidents. On the 14th of July, 1880, Mr. SMITH reached the northwestern point of Spitzbergen; but finding all passage barred there, he turned southward, rounded its southern point, and then again resumed his northwesterly course. He now found himself face to face with a great problem which has been awaiting solution. Was there a practicable route across the ice-laden sea, into which he was now steaming, to Franz-Josef Land? The *Eira* headed straight for the solution of the problem. On August 6 she came upon the pack in latitude 77°. She steamed along the edge of the floe, and on August 8 was in latitude 79° 4′. On the 9th she was pushing into the pack, amid dense fogs, but on the following day had to turn back, and was then driven further back still by a gale. By the 13th, however, she was back again in 78°, and on the morning of the 14th she sighted land. In the afternoon she made fast to a land floe near a small island, afterward named May Island, in the centre of the southern archipelago of Franz-Josef Land. The goal was reached; the navigable route to Franz-Josef Land, which may lead future explorers to new and important discoveries in the far North, was discovered, and a new era in the history of polar discovery opened.

"Such were the results of Mr. LEIGH SMITH's last arctic expedition—results which may lead, before long, to a government expedition leaving British shores for Eira Harbor ......Mr. LEIGH SMITH was particularly reticent upon the subject of a possible national expedition, but gave me to understand that such an event was probably under consideration, and might come off 'when the Liberal government are turned out.' Whatever government is in power makes no difference to Mr. SMITH, and this year the prow of the *Eira* will be turned northeastward, straight for the entrance of that navigable route through the pack ice of Barentz Sea which he has made so famous. He will probably establish a dépôt and build a hut at Eira Harbor, explore the surrounding country especially with a view to the discovery of game, and do all that can be done to bring back for the government further information as to the prospects of an advance from that basis upon the pole."

DEAN STANLEY.

THE sudden death of Dean STANLEY has taken the people of our country by surprise. His return to the United States was confidently expected by his personal friends; it was said that he was coming again to study the peculiar relations under which the church and the state exist among us. It is remarkable that both he and Canon KINGSLEY should have died so soon after visiting America. Both were well known here before they arrived upon our shores, both received marked attentions from all classes of our citizens, and both left behind them pleasant memories of their stay. Dean STANLEY especially, by the breadth of his sympathy with Christians of every name and style, won the respect of all our Churches.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY was the son of Bishop STANLEY, of the diocese of Norwich, and was born in Cheshire, England, December 13, 1815. He was educated at Rugby School by Dr. THOMAS ARNOLD, whose life he afterward wrote. The praises of ARNOLD have been celebrated by many of his pupils, and by none more affectionately than by THOMAS HUGHES in his *Tom Brown*. He was more than a great teacher: besides impressing his manliness upon the young men who came under his care, he most vigorously debated the questions which during his time stirred the Church. Setting out with some of the principles of COLERIDGE, he developed them with an independence peculiarly his own. His theory of the union of the church and the state was substantially adopted by STANLEY, and shaped the character of the Dean as a theologian and an ecclesiastic. ARNOLD's theory was substantially this: that the church and the state are identical; that they are the same corporate body, only performing different functions; and that therefore the Established Church should comprehend all the forms of the Christian religion subsisting within the state. Dean STANLEY did nothing for the farther elaboration of this theory, but he illustrated it in his practice. His comprehensive charity took into its grasp all classes of Christians; he was a lover of good men, to whatever school they belonged; he could without effort offer the reading-desk of Westminster Abbey to MOFFATT, the Dissenter, and to MAX MÜLLER, the Orientalist. He aimed as far as he could to make the Church of England inclusive of Dissent, not by prescriptions of law, but by the force of sympathy. In this he reversed the Church policy of centuries, which tried by all possible modes to exclude Dissent, and was thus consistently ARNOLD's pupil. His Broad-Churchmanship was not laxity of principle, but breadth of love.

The examples of Dean STANLEY's catholicity, which readily occur to one's memory, are very pleasing. In his lectures on the Church of Scotland, delivered in Edinburgh in 1872, he thus speaks of the old Kirk: "Englishmen and Scotsmen of all persuasions may well be proud of maintaining a Church which has at times been the chief support of the united interests of culture, freedom, and religion—a Church which CARSTAIRS and ROBERTSON, CHALMERS and IRVING, adorned, which Sir WALTER SCOTT and Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON supported because they felt that no existing institution could equally supply its place." He was as cordial to English Nonconformists as to Scotch Presbyterians. Through his good offices the Methodists of England were enabled to place medallion likenesses of JOHN and CHARLES WESLEY in Westminster Abbey. He delivered one of the addresses when the medallion was first exhibited to the public, and quoted therein, in allusion to his then recent bereavement, the lines from CHARLES WESLEY's "Wrestling Jacob,"

> "My company before is gone,
> And I am left alone with thee."

The Dean had little or none of the polemic spirit of his master, Dr. ARNOLD. He was eminently a man of peace. ARNOLD had attacked the Tractarian movement with all the vehemence of his nature. He saw in Tractarianism a return to the principles of Archbishop LAUD, and believed with COLERIDGE that the identification of the hierarchy with the church was the first and most dangerous Christian apostasy. Dean STANLEY avoided conflict, and spent his life in quietly illustrating Broad-Church principles. He was denounced by many as a latitudinarian: that was to be expected: but he pursued to the end the even tenor of his way. Fortunately his position as Dean of Westminster Abbey was one of entire independence; he was free from episcopal control, and could live out his convictions without official hinderance. In his lifetime the Broad-Churchmen became a distinct school—they were never properly a party—which has left a deep impress on English thought.

Few men have been more fortunate than Dean STANLEY in winning honors in the Church and in literature. He entered Baliol College, Oxford, upon a scholarship which he had secured by his success as a Rugby student. He carried off university prizes as if they belonged of right to him. After his graduation in 1838 he served for twelve years as a tutor in University College, Oxford. In 1851 he was appointed Canon of Canterbury; in 1854, Chaplain to Prince ALBERT; in 1862, Chaplain to the Queen and the Prince of Wales. In 1863 he was offered the Archbishopric of Dublin, but declined it. In 1864 he was made Dean of Westminster, and held the position till his death. From 1856 to 1864 he was Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford; in 1875 he was elected Lord Rector of the University of St. Andrews, Scotland. But these dignities were fully justified by his literary labors. A list of his writings would be too long for this notice. Among the most important are: *Life and Correspondence of Dr. Thomas Arnold; The Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians; Sinai and Palestine in Connection with their History; Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church; Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church.* His historical works are elegantly written. The treatment of the Old Testament history is free, and passages occur in the lectures of great beauty. Their critical value is, however, not very great. The Dean excelled in statement more than in critical analysis. Still, he is so picturesque in his treatment of his subjects that his histories are delightful reading.

Thus the Broad-Churchmen of England are one by one disappearing. KINGSLEY, MAURICE, STANLEY, and their teachers, ARNOLD and COLERIDGE, have gone, and no successors are likely to appear. The new era has brought in new questions, and the new questions will have fresh champions.

G. R. CROOKS.

A SULTRY DAY.

THE establishment of free drinking fountains in the streets of large cities, where men, women, and children may quench their thirst with cool water, is a better temperance movement than the organization of a dozen societies for the purpose of dissuading people from indulging in strong drink. Very few in this sultry weather will resort to whiskey or beer if, at no cost, they can obtain a glass of pure cold water. Our double-page illustration shows an eager group about one of these fountains in a crowded London thoroughfare.

Recently a number of ice-water fountains have been established in New York. One, painted fiery red, stands on the site of the old Five Points, and attracts thousands of customers, a large proportion of them children. Rag-pickers, blacksmiths, and laboring men of all descriptions make frequent pilgrimages to the fountain. It consumes about half a ton of ice a day, and Croton water pours in upon the ice through a three-quarter-inch pipe. Another fountain stands at the southern end of Union Square. The material is ash and chestnut. It was erected by R. H. MACY & Co. The water flows through a coil of pipe around blocks of ice, and is thus cooled. The fountain south of the Post-office consumes about a ton of ice daily, and nearly two thousand gallons of water are drank there every day.

POULTRY-KEEPING IN NORMANDY.

As layers, small breeds of fowls are very much preferred to the larger ones, both as cheaper to feed and as laying larger eggs. In many districts square-built black hens preponderate, while in others cuckoos have a well-deserved repute. Houdans, of course, have their partisans, and Crèvecœurs are unrivalled in their own part of the country, while many people will have none but the very pretty, well-shaped, lively, and bright-looking Poule de Gournay—a black-and-white bird something like the Hamburg, with a comb resembling that of the Minorca, which seldom asks to sit, and lays a great number of large white eggs. One farmer's wife said she kept about 400 hens of this kind, and usually sold 12,000 eggs in the year, after supplying the wants of her large household and rearing about 400 chickens; and she might probably have doubled the number had she been able to give more attention to the matter.

Artificial incubation is gradually making its way in Normandy, the Voitelier incubator being found to be a real success by all who use it intelligently. I conversed with several people who practiced artificial hatching, and their testimony was all in its favor. One *fermière* had had her incubator in use for three years, and found no difficulty with it since she had taken to keeping it in a room where she could often look at the thermometer. She added that she was able to rear a much larger percentage of chickens from a given number of eggs than she could do with either hens or turkeys. I am bound, however, to say that I found incubators only among quite the superior class of farmers, and even then only here and there. It will probably be some time before the thrifty Norman peasant will be found to expend his earnings upon one; nor do I believe that artificial incubation has yet arrived at that perfection which would commend it to that class of persons whose wives and daughters have leisure to devote to their little poultry-yards, and by whose ceaseless care and attention so much profit is made.

BEARDS.

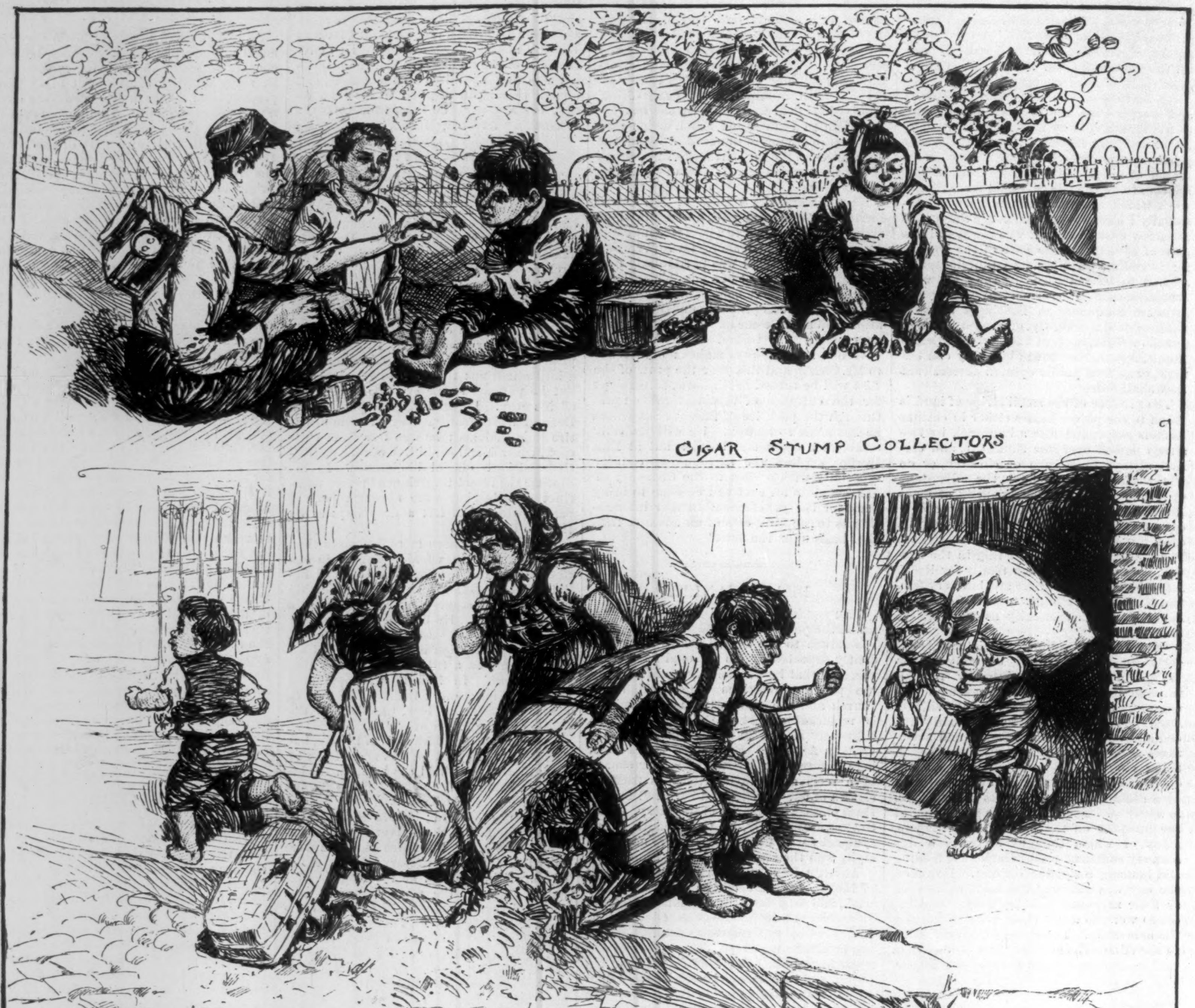
EXCEPTIONALLY long beards have always attracted a good deal of attention, and history records many instances of this kind. Rauber von Talberg, a German knight, and Councillor of Maximilian II. (d. 1575), rejoiced in a beard which reached to his feet, and from there again to his waist. John Mayo, a celebrated painter of the sixteenth century, who accompanied Charles V. in his campaign, had a beard so long that although he was a tall man, it would hang upon the ground when he stood upright; he wore it, therefore, fastened to his girdle.

George Killingworth, sent by Queen Mary as one of her agents in 1555 to Czar Ivan the Terrible, is said to have had a beard five feet two inches long. In the olden time, when every part of the body had its price, the beard was valued at twenty shillings—a large sum for the time—while the loss of a leg was only estimated at twelve shillings.

We can easily imagine that at periods when the beard and whiskers were looked upon as ornamental, false beards were substituted for the genuine article. Pedro IV. of Aragon (1351) found himself compelled to prohibit his Catalonian subjects from wearing false beards. But the most singular substitute is the *golden* beard, which, Chrysostemus says, was worn by the Kings of Persia. Suetonius says the same of Caligula, the Roman Emperor. According to Andreas Favyn, the Kings of France of the first dynasty wore beards entwined with gold threads. Duke Renatus of Lorraine was the last, and it is related that he wore at the funeral of Charles of Burgundy, who died at Nancy in 1477, a beard of gold thread hanging down to his girdle. As Jupiter was sometimes adorned with a golden beard, the phrase *auream barbam habere* was equivalent to saying *Deum esse.*

Beards were at various times taxed in England. Thus we read in *Notes and Queries* that the sheriff of Canterbury paid three shillings and fourpence for wearing a beard. In the first year of Elizabeth every beard of above a fortnight's growth was taxed three shillings and sixpence; but the law was too absurd to be enforced. The duty imposed upon beards by Peter the Great was a ruble (about three shillings). This tax met with a fate similar to that of Elizabeth's, and was soon cancelled.

The development of the beard, as well as the hairiness of the body, differs not merely in different races, but also in families of the same race. In Europe and a portion of Asia beards prevail, until we go beyond India, when gradually beards disappear, as is the case with the Siamese, Chinese, and Japanese.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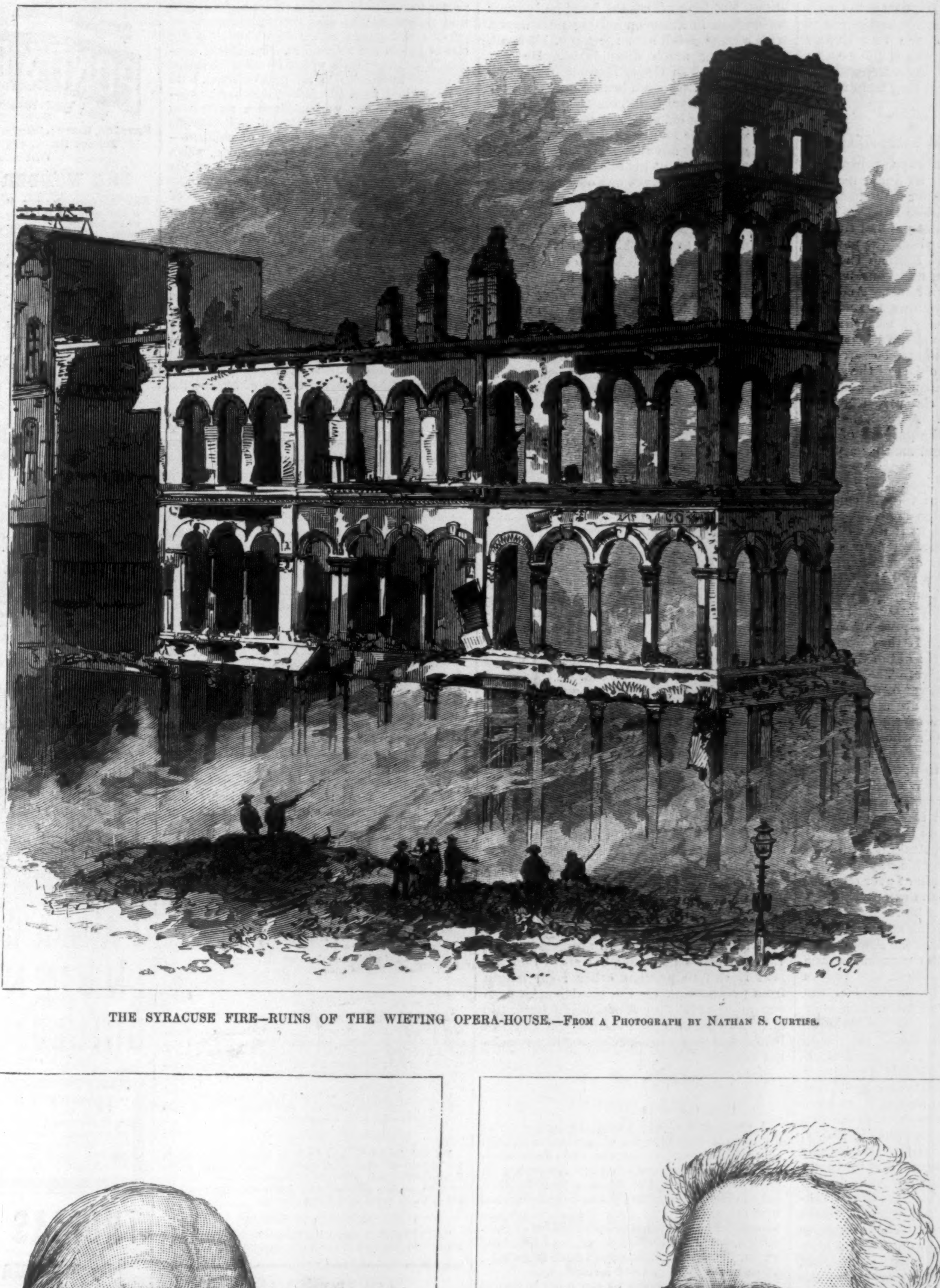
W. A. ROGERS

WHAT THE NEW JUVENILE LAWS ARE INTENDED TO SUPPRESS.—[SEE ARTICLE, "GUARDING THE CHILDREN," PAGE 519.]

THE SYRACUSE FIRE.

Early on the morning of July 19 the beautiful city of Syracuse was visited by a destructive fire, which within a couple of hours consumed property of the value of nearly four hundred thousand dollars. The block in which the fire occurred contained the Wieting Opera-house—an elegant structure, of which only the picturesque ruins remain. The stage was large, and well appointed with scenery and furniture, and was in great favor with the theatrical profession.

The Opera-house and the old hall which formerly occupied its site have a history, says the Syracuse *Journal*, which would be interesting if written. "In one or the other of them have appeared such notables as Charlotte Cushman, Charles Dickens, Ristori, Laura Keene, Patti, Forrest, Nilsson, Booth, and later Gerster and Bernhardt. The Governors of fourteen States have been upon their stages, together with cabinet officers, able lecturers, and literary gentlemen in large numbers, also hundreds of prominent politicians. They have been the scene of conventions which shaped the political future, of conventions which discussed educational and social questions; have been the theatre in which political history was made which will never be forgotten. There was where the Democratic party fought some of its hardest battles, and where the Republican party was divided in 1872."

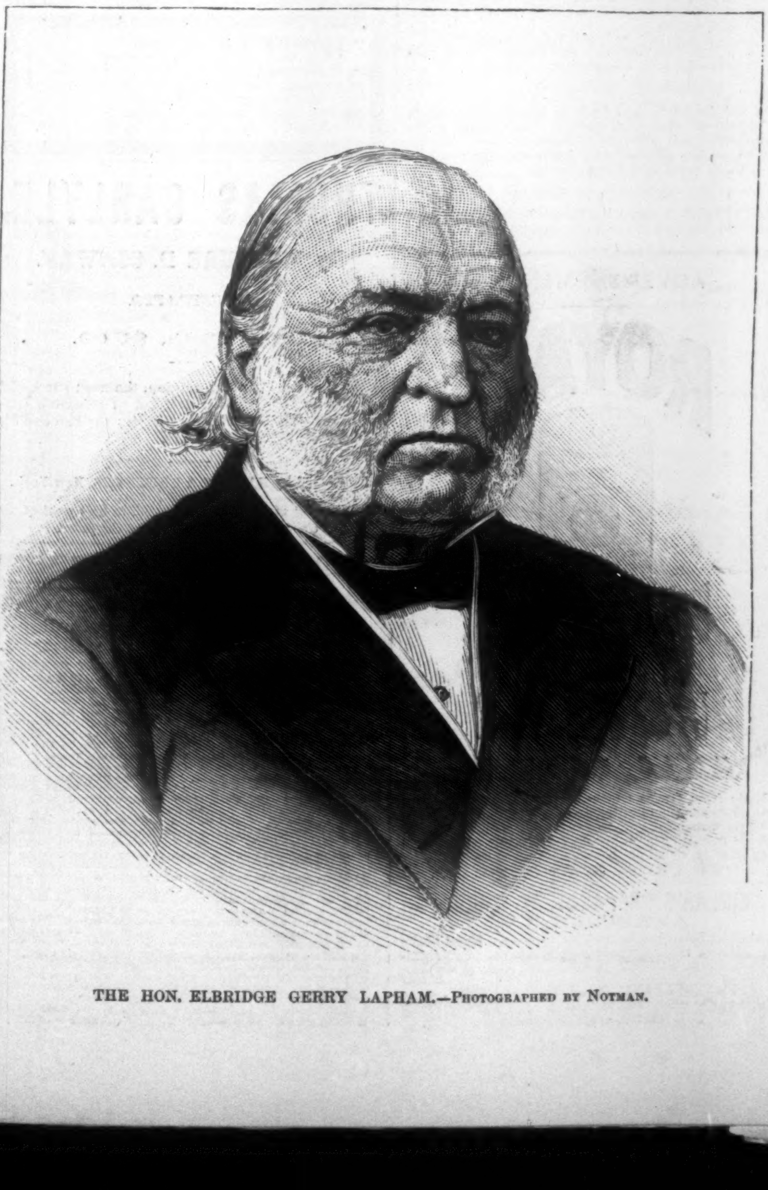


THE SYRACUSE FIRE—RUINS OF THE WIETING OPERA-HOUSE.—From a Photograph by Nathan S. Curtiss.

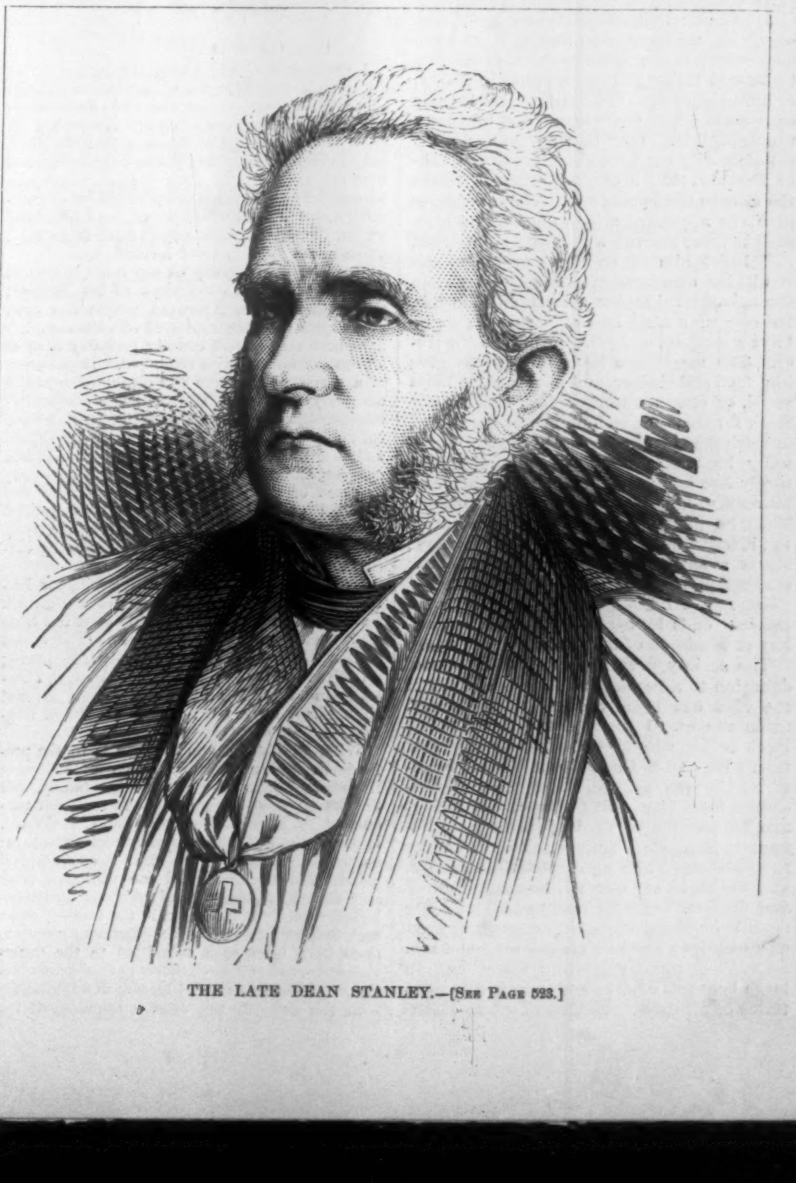
THE HON. ELBRIDGE GERRY LAPHAM.

This gentleman, who has been chosen United States Senator as the successor of the Hon. Roscoe Conkling, is the son of the late Judge John Lapham, and was born in Farmington, New York, October 18, 1814. He was brought up on a farm, and during the winter months attended the public schools. He spent some time at the Canandaigua Academy, and also studied civil engineering. After spending some time in work upon the line of the Michigan Southern Railroad, Mr. Lapham studied law, and in 1844 he was admitted to the bar. He settled at Canandaigua, where he has since practiced law. Soon after his admission to the bar, Mr. Lapham formed a partnership with Judge James C. Smith, which continued until the latter was raised to the bench.

Mr. Lapham was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1867, and voted for the adoption of the Constitution. In 1874 he was elected as a Republican to the Forty-fourth Congress, and has since been elected from the same district (the Twenty-seventh), by large majorities, to the Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, and Forty-



THE HON. ELBRIDGE GERRY LAPHAM.—Photographed by Notman.



THE LATE DEAN STANLEY.—[See Page 523.]

seventh Congresses. Mr. LAPHAM acted with the Democracy until 1848, but he supported the Wilmot Proviso and the VAN BUREN ticket in that year, and was a delegate to the Buffalo Convention. As a Republican, his zeal and abilities have long been recognized.

CHINESE SECRET SOCIETIES.

THE Chinaman is always prosperous abroad, whatever he may be under mandarin rule. There are no poor Chinamen out of the Celestial Land, unless it be in some region where they have not yet had time to mature their system and "best" the natives. In the Malay Straits and Burmah they secure all the local trade, and considerably more than half the town lands. And this invariable prosperity they owe to their secret societies. These secret societies are not new. They are transplantations from guilds in the chief commercial centres of China itself. There the object of the guilds is to combat grasping mandarins, and prevent Chinamen of alien clans from getting any great share of trade. Abroad, the societies are instituted for the purpose of benefiting their members, and making a profit out of everybody else.

Whenever twenty Chinamen from the same town or district in the old country meet together in a foreign land, they club together to buy a house, fit it up with appropriate idols and porcelain figures and scrolls with a profusion of gold-leaf, and devise a set of club rules and regulations. Succeeding Chinamen from the same part of the country join as they arrive. If they have money, they make a present to the brotherhood on joining. If they bring no money in their pockets, the aid of the guild soon enables them to give. These Kongsees have a wonderful power of doing good and evil; and unless you are a Chinaman you are apt to see more of the evil than of the good. A Chinaman who comes to a place where there is a Kongsee or Hoey of his clansmen is bound to get on if he has any real wish to do so. We will suppose he has spent his last copper coin on his passage, and has landed in Rangoon with nothing but the clothes on his back. He is a Canton man, and goes straight off to the Ghee Hin Kongsee, finding his way by secret signs apparently, and without ever opening his mouth; for a guildsman can reveal himself as plainly by the way he receives a cup of tea as he could by reciting all the by-laws of the society. Arrived at the Kongsee, he obtains an interview with the president, the Tuah Koh, the Elder Brother, and proves his membership of the brotherhood or the clan he belongs to. The latter is a very easy matter, for one of the most remarkable things about the Chinese is the multitude of their dialects. You have learned Mandarin Chinese; you confidently use it on a Canton man; he gazes blandly on you, and says, "No can speakee Inglis my." In business resorts it is a common thing to see two Chinamen talking to one another in Malay, or Burmese, or even in English, because their own native falsetto lingoes are mutually unintelligible. Our Canton man having satisfactorily explained matters to the Elder Brother, that ancient gentleman refers the case to the committee. They decide to give the applicant a loan of, say, two hundred rupees, bearing a low rate of interest, and billet him off on eight or ten of the wealthier members of the society. Then the new arrival makes a fresh start in life. He sets up a stall and sells things; or he buys a sampan, and plies for hire on the river. The merchants he is billeted on give him food and shelter, and in return he hews wood, or draws water, or does other cooly work for them for an hour or two every day, or during a certain day in the week. Gradually he makes money—Chinamen very rarely lose money—and he starts a home of his own, or joins a warren of fellow-workers. Then he pays off the sum advanced, with the interest on it; goes on making money; starts a small firm on his own account; makes a present to his guild; grows fat and sleek like all his brother Chinamen, and possibly ends by becoming himself a Towkay or headman of his lodge.

The society does not limit itself to one donation to a new-comer, if it is clear that the first has been worthily, if unluckily, made use of. I knew a Chinaman, Khoo Hock Seong, who was a notable example of this. He had not come from the old country. He was a Baba Baba, an "eleven-o'clock man," *i. e.*, half Chinese, half Malay, and his parents being dead, came from Penang to Rangoon. There an advance of fifty rupees started him as a ground-nut seller, and his shrill cry of "Yih be-e-h, yih-bĕh," was familiar to me for many months. After a while he had made money enough to start as a peddler; and two years later I met him near Thayetmyo, travelling about with a large boat full of silks and jewelry and mysteries of all sorts. He had now two assistants. Not long afterward I suddenly came across him in Rangoon selling nuts again, with a huge patch over the top of his head, and looking much dilapidated. He had been attacked in Upper Burmese waters by his two men, stabbed, beaten, and left for dead on the river-bank, his treacherous assailants going off with the boat and all he possessed. He had begged his way to Rangoon, got a new advance from the guild, and had begun again at his old trade. He used to cheat the little boys out of a nut or two for their pice just as he did before, and was bound to do well.

Another occasion on which the Kongsee is a blessing to the Chinaman is when he dies. Sometimes a Celestial dies poor. The occurrence is rare, but it does happen. To save him from the disgrace of being carted off by the municipal authorities like a dead pariah dog, the guild steps in. It provides a coffin—no trifling matter, for a Chinese coffin is a huge thing built of slabs of wood nearly a foot thick, and heavy enough to make it a burden for eight men. Most of the brotherhood attend the funeral, and drink samshoo, and dance, and make merry, after their manner on such occasions; and as the poor Chinaman knows that he is sure of this benevolence, he dies in peace when his time comes. In all this the secret societies are good to their members. They never allow a brother, no matter how stupid and weak he may be, to starve. He can always get menial work from the richer brethren, with occasional sumptuous feasts at the lodge itself when they are commemorating the tutelary saint of the society, some learned man, or great general from their province, or when some richer member is fined for breaking the regulations. The fine in all but very flagrant cases takes the shape of a dinner to the brotherhood. A theatrical troupe is always engaged to promote digestion, and while the members look on from inside the gayly decked banqueting-hall, the crowd of uninitiated barbarians outside gape with little less delight at the gay lanterns and the absurdities of the stage buffoon. The members can therefore always have some amusement out of their subscription money. But it is in the other affairs of the lodge, apart from its charitable deeds, that most members find their chief satisfaction; and it is these other transactions which have drawn the attention of local governments to the secret societies, and made them the subject of special legislation in the Straits Settlements. The object of each lodge is not merely to promote the advantage of its members, but also to do the best it can to prevent other rival lodges from prospering; for the rival lodges hate one another with an exceeding hate, the only drawback to their murderous quarrels being that they are sometimes dangerous to the general public.

BIBLE HELPS.

A great deal of Bible study as carried on at the present day, with the oftentimes superficial helps afforded by the newspapers and the Sunday-school articles, is very like college cramming. It gives us a knowledge of the lesson for the hour, but no broad, general, and permanent acquisition. It is far wiser for the Bible student to prepare himself for careful Bible study by gradually gathering about him a Biblical library, and especially a good Commentary and a good Bible Dictionary. These ought to be in every household.

The best Commentary on the Bible is that of Mr. Barnes. It was the work of his lifetime; the verdict of the American people has been given upon it; more copies of this Commentary have been sold in this country probably than of all other Commentaries combined. It possesses in a remarkable degree the combined qualities necessary for such a Commentary—a scholarly interpretation of the original derived from a careful study of the best authorities, an intelligent and clear illustration of the ancient manners and customs, an understanding of which is necessary to much of the Scripture, and a practical and spiritual elucidation of the truth as applied to actual life. The work is vividly and fully illustrated, and is printed in volumes easily carried in the coat pocket.

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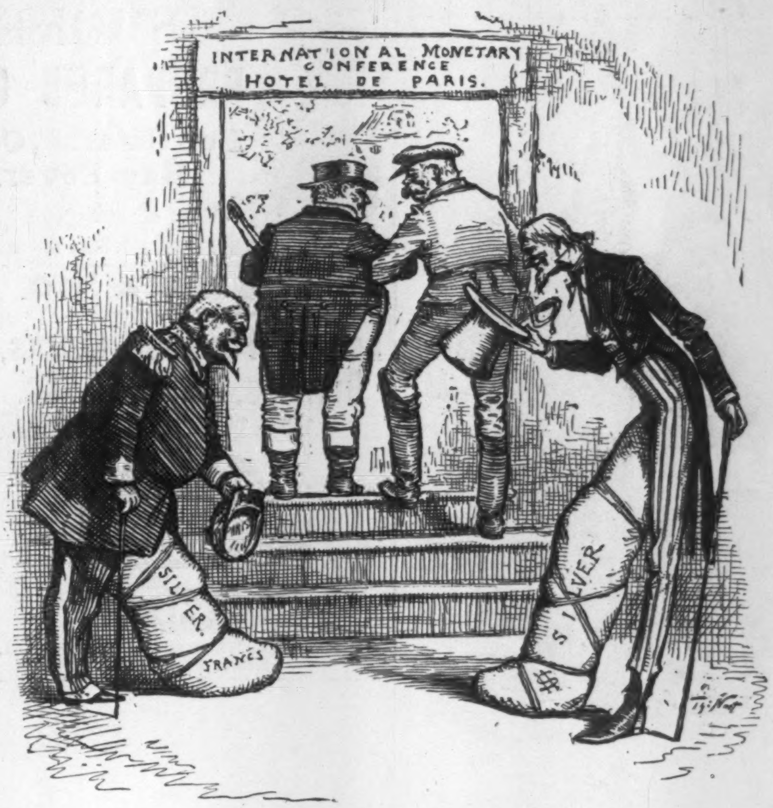
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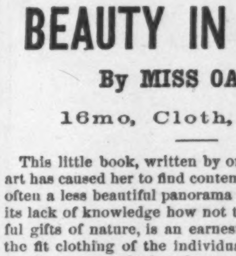

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